The Outlook

NOVEMBER 30, 1921

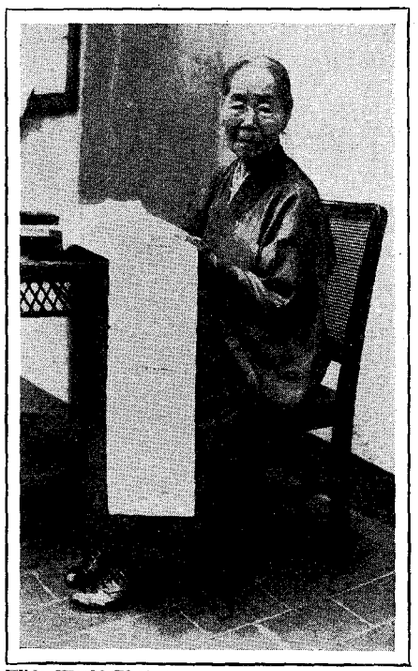
PREMIER BRIAND'S ADDRESS

WE publish in this issue further telegraphic correspondence from Washington from our representative at the Conference, Mr. Ernest Hamlin Abbott. This week his interpretation of the momentous proceedings at the capital was written just before the delivery of Premier Briand's address. The statement of the head of the French delegation and the replies which it evoked will be more fully treated in a subsequent issue. The problem which lay closest to the heart of the French Premier was naturally that dealing with the question of land armament. It appears from the press summaries of his speech that Premier Briand emphasized the menace to France from an unrepentant Germany, a menace which illusionists too often forget and which idealists must frankly face. Premier Briand said in part:

> Let me explain, for France, that if you want to make peace it must be made by two people, you and your neighbor. I am speaking particularly of land armaments, because there is a situation which you have no right to neglect. It is necessary that besides physical disarmament there should be a general atmosphere of peace; . . . in other words, moral disarmament. . . .
>
> I quite admit that a free American citizen would say: "The war is won, peace is signed. Germany has reduced her army. Most of her war material is destroyed. Why is it that France keeps such a considerable army?"
>
> Some people think that France must have some hidden thought. It has been said that France wanted to establish in Europe a sort of military supremacy. Probably this is the most painful and cruel thing a Frenchman could be told. To tell the world that we have perfidious intentions and military designs is sad and most disheartening.
>
> Not one word of it is true. If there is a country that wants peace with all her heart, believing in it with her entire faith, that country is France.

The Outlook believes Premier Briand was right and sincere when he said both this and what follows:

> Since the armistice France has had to wait for realization of certain things. She has seen Germany haggle over her pledged word and the terms she had signed. She has seen Germany refuse to pay. The popular opinion is that France is impatient, but France has remained perfectly calm. . . .
>
> We have no hatred in our hearts. She [France] will use every means, between Germany and herself, to prevent a bloody recurrence. But, after all, we have no right to forget, we have no right to weaken our position and give rise to certain hopes by our weakness.
>
> I don't want to be unjust, but we have there one part of Germany that is for peace, a part who have had enough of this war, who have had enough of war altogether, and who want to settle down to the pursuits of industry and peace. That Germany we will do everything we can to help.
>
> But there is another Germany. There is a Germany that has not changed her mind and for whom the last war was not a decision; this Germany has kept the same occupations, the same ambitions. How can we close our eyes to this? How can we ignore the conditions?



Wide World Photos

MME. KAJIKO YAJIMA, JAPANESE TEACHER, WHO HAS COME TO THIS COUNTRY WITH A PEACE PETITION

We have not, as we go to press, the text of the replies to Premier Briand's address, but we can guess their content from a telegram from our Washington correspondent which reads: "Briand's eloquent speech called out replies from Balfour and Hughes which seemed to hearten France and which will have a wholesome effect upon Germany."

Replies which merit such a characterization as this will constitute an additional assurance that the Conference will result in definite and concrete achievements in the direction of international peace and understanding.

An article on Premier Briand and the present French political situation will be found on page 518.

A JAPANESE WOMAN PIONEER

AT the age of eighty-seven Madame Kajiko Yajima, a Japanese, comes to this country. She looks not over sixty years old. She has journeyed from Tokyo to bring a petition a hundred yards long and bearing the signatures of some ten thousand Japanese women—a peace message. In Madame Yajima's words: "The women of Japan have heard of the great Arms Conference. They are hoping and praying for its success. They want it to be the means of bringing about world peace. Behind this petition are vast spiritual resources; it represents the mobilization of thousands of hearts."

Madame Yajima enjoys great prestige among the Japanese and is looked up to by them as a leading woman reformer. She entered a teachers' training institute in her thirty-eighth year, and was the first native Japanese woman to receive a teacher's certificate. She has long been the Director of Joshi Gakuim, the girls' high school in Tokyo. Thirty-five years ago she founded the Japanese Women's Christian Union. She is now leading the sentiment among the Japanese women for armament reduction to relieve the people of burdensome taxes and to divert Japan from militaristic ideals towards other ends, education in particular. So much is she admired by the Japanese women that they recently presented a purse containing a thousand dollars to her to keep her in her old age. She has used this purse to make her trip to Washington.

THE RATIFICATIONS OF THE GERMAN TREATY

AT Berlin a historic event lately occurred. There was an exchange of ratifications of the Americo-German Treaty, between Mr. Dresel, the American Commissioner, and the present German Foreign Minister. The ratified treaties had been signed respectively by President Harding and Secretary Hughes, and by President Ebert and Dr. Rosen, the former German Foreign Minister.

The exchange was followed by procla-

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(C) Keystone

THE HARVARD-YALE FOOTBALL GAME—AN EXCITING PLAY

George Owen, Harvard's halfback, after intercepting a forward pass, is starting the ball down the field from his own twenty-yard line for a run of eight yards and the destruction of Yale's last hope of a touchdown

mations from Presidents Harding and Ebert declaring the two countries at peace with each other. While the formal exchange of ratifications acts of itself to restore diplomatic relations between the two countries, a proclamation is considered necessary as an added precaution to insure peace. The way is now open for the nomination of diplomatic representatives.

As to an additional treaty clearly setting forth the trade relations of the two countries, it is understood that steps in this direction will be left with Germany to inaugurate, unless there should be substantial demand from American business interests for greater protection than that afforded by existing relations.

ALBANIA'S NEIGHBORS

THE League of Nations has commanded the Jugoslavs to retire from their positions in Albania and quit fighting. We hope that they will, but, like the rest of the world, must perforce remain skeptical until we see results.

It is a pity that Albania's neighbors cannot leave her alone—she is such a small country, one just beginning government. Her area is almost as large as that of the State of Maryland and her population about a million. While the Albanian Government is not as advanced as are some, one thing may be said as to the country's economic condition as contrasted with her greater neighbors; she has no paper money.

As a result of the Balkan War of 1912, Albania gained independence. The Powers, acknowledging this, defined the country's frontiers. (They have since been confirmed by the Council of Ambassadors at Paris.) These frontiers are now threatened to the south by Greece and to the west by Jugoslavia. Armed forces have crossed the boundary and have committed deeds of war. This is so glaringly true on the western frontier that Albania appealed to the League of Nations (a year ago she became a member of the League). At the recent meeting of the Assembly of the League the Albanian delegate rose in his place and read an ultimatum from the Jugoslav authorities to certain Albanian troops, which had been followed within a few hours by the opening of an armed attack. On this evidence, the Assembly decided to send a committee of three impartial persons at once to Albania to report on the facts. The League is doubtless acting on this report.

It will be interesting to see whether its order will in any way change the lack of respect for law and order characteristic of the wilder parts of the Balkans.

ULSTER STOPS THE WAY

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, having after many weeks of argument and persuasion induced Mr. De Valera to abandon the contention that Ireland must be absolutely independent of the British Empire, is now struggling with the obduracy of the Ulster leaders, and it is to be hoped that in the end he will prevail. Assuredly the Irish conference will produce nothing of value unless the bitterly opposing divisions into which Ireland is unhappily severed realize that compromise is the only way out.

The trouble now is that Sir James Craig, the head of the Home Rule Ulster Government, and many of his colleagues are unwilling to enter into an all-Irish government. They point out with some reason that if Ireland is to be one country controlled by a single government, there will be danger of oppression of the smaller section by the larger section; for, unfortunate as it is, it is a fact that sectional hatred is a large factor in the situation. One or two of the Ulster leaders have had the audacity to suggest that possibly Ulster would consent to enter such a parliament provided that the minority section should have "at least half of the representation."

What possible outcome is there? Three solutions seem possible. One, that South Ireland should again yield, give up its demand for a united Ireland under one government and accept a dual-dominion scheme in which South Ireland and Ulster should each deal with Great Britain in all Imperial matters and each government rule itself without regard to the rest of Ireland in all internal matters. Another solution would be to increase the powers of the two separate governments of Ulster and South Ireland to such an extent as to keep dangerous questions out of the province of the proposed united Irish parliament. A third method might be to make Ulster into a Crown Colony outside of the Irish Dominion, just as on this side of the water Newfoundland is not a part of the Dominion of Canada.

The recent party conference of the Unionists in Liverpool was an evidence of the general desire for a settlement even among the earnest friends of Ulster. The conference passed an almost unanimous vote of confidence in the Coalition Government which is still in control in the British Parliament and still under Lloyd George's leadership. A good many violent utterances were made by extremists among the Unionists, but there was little real opposition to the adoption of a resolution which urged that a solution of the Irish difficulties be found which should be consistent with "the supremacy of the Crown, the security of the Empire, and the pledges of the interests of the minority in South Ireland."

AS THE LAST WHISTLES BLOW

WITH the shortening days of late November the football season is drawing to a close. In the East but two

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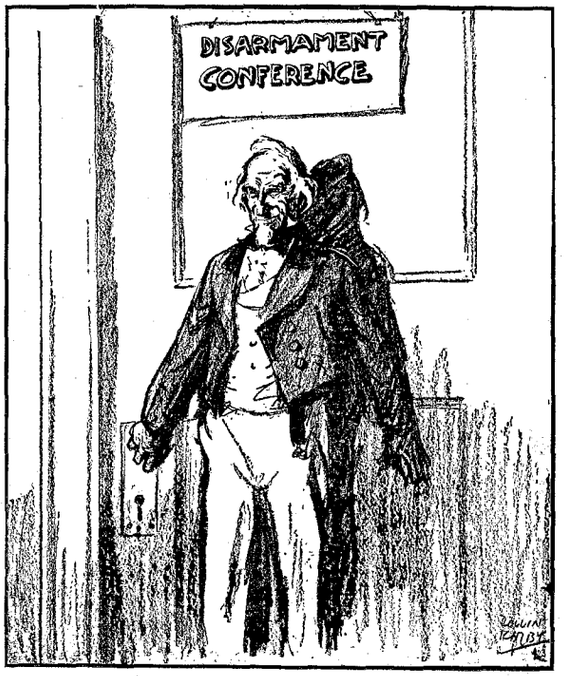
THAT FUTURE STRIFE MAY BE PREVENTED NOW

(Lear, Act I, Scene 1)

Kirby in the New York World



"ANYWAY, I STIRRED 'EM UP"

Pease in the Newark Evening News

SPEAKING OF DISARMAMENT

From the Rev. Henry A. Pearce, West Orange, N. J.

Morris for the George Matthews Adams Service

(C) George Matthews Adams

THE HUGHES TRIPLETS

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News

TWO EXTREMES AND THE HOPEFUL MEDIUM

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games upon which sporting writers generally expend the title "classic" await a decision. These are the annual contests between the Army and the Navy and the annual attempt by Cornell to overcome the evil influence of that jinx which usually attends the Ithacan University in its warfare upon the University of Pennsylvania. Both of these controversies will be settled before this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers. So far Cornell has been undefeated and has rolled up a startling list of points against its adversaries.

Of the colleges in the East which have already completed their schedules, Pennsylvania State, Lafayette, and Washington and Jefferson have not been beaten, but of these four Pennsylvania State has played by far the hardest schedule.

In the South, Center College, which triumphed over Harvard in mid-season, and the Georgia Institute of Technology have had the most successful seasons. In the Middle West, Iowa University easily led the Western Conference, winning five games and losing none to its rivals. Ohio State and Chicago suffered but one defeat within the Conference. Of the teams outside this Association, Notre Dame had perhaps the most distinctive record.

On the Pacific slope the University of California heads the list. In the last two years it has scored over 800 points in the process of winning nineteen successive victories.

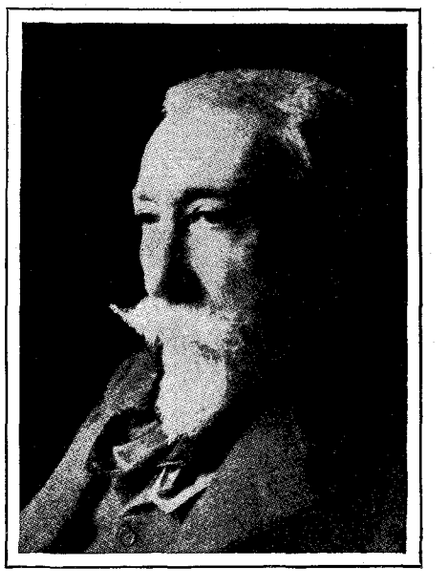
To return to the East again, the old-time "Big Three" fought themselves to a triangular tie. Princeton defeated Harvard, Yale defeated Princeton, and Harvard then defeated Yale. Perhaps Harvard's alumni are a little happier than the students and graduates of the other two colleges, for the Harvard team won the game which traditionally means most to Harvard adherents. Yale, which entered the game as the favorite team, outrushed its Cambridge rivals, but it failed to apply its superior force where power was most needed. Harvard won the game from the shoulders up.

ANATOLE FRANCE HONORED

THE award of this year's Nobel Prize for literature to Anatole France, critic, poet, and romancer, must meet with universal approval. M. France (his real name is Jacques Anatole Thibault) is the fourth French writer to receive the distinction—Mistral (who divided the prize with the Spanish dramatist, Echegaray), Rolland, and Sully-Prudhomme are the others. America has yet to obtain this particular honor, although in the realms of science and world's peace activity it has had high recognition in Nobel awards.

Anatole France's charm has been widely recognized outside his own country. Admirable English translations of his works are available, and the clarity and grace of his style are more easily adaptable to English idiom than is the case with many foreign writers; his "Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" in particular is almost a classic in its English form; it has pleased us to note that Outlook readers have shown decided interest in the present offer of the story as a combination with subscriptions.

Ten years ago Professor Brander Matthews wrote for The Outlook a discriminating paper on Anatole France. The critical verdict he found was decidedly plain-spoken in its recognition of France's temperamental faults as well as in its appreciation of his quality as a literary artist. Thus he remarks that "M. France has analyzed books, and men, and society at large, and humanity itself; and he has never let the scalpel and microscope drop from his hands. . . . His criticism is incessant, dissolving, and destructive. . . . He is a frank pagan with a paganism through which Christianity has filtered, leaving only an impalpable deposit. . . . He is a pessimistic Anarchist who is master of an incomparable style, melodious and harmonious, musical and picturesque."



ANATOLE FRANCE

As to the undoubted fact that M. France's gayety sometimes exceeded the bounds of decorum, Professor Matthews remarks that "M. France seems never to have heard the proverb which declares that dirt is matter in the wrong place," but lightens the criticism by pointing out that indecorum is one thing and immorality is another and defines his remark quoted above by adding: "To say this is not to suggest that M. France is immoral; it is only to assert that he is sometimes indecent."

If all this comment by Professor Matthews seems severe, it should be weighed with the encomiums that accompany it. He speaks of "Sylvestre Bonnard" as "a tender tale, human and humane, urban and urbane, touched with sentiment and tinged with romance," while of many other of France's short stories he says that they disclose "his gift of sympathetic comprehension, his searching insight and his faculty of pity," and of his style that it is "rich in thought and ripe in color, subtle and supple, fluid and limpid."

WANTED—A CONCERTO FOR THE KETTLE-DRUM

THE great war has made New York not only the financial center of the world but also the musical center. Musicians from every race and nationality are coming to America—in some instances, like that of the famous Russian tenor Chaliapin, because they are driven out of their own fatherland by force and violence; in other instances because of the economic conditions of Europe. At all events, this winter there are being given in New York a series of concerts and recitals unprecedented in its history.

One of the most delightful concerts of the season so far was not, however, a product of the war, except that some of the members of the American organization which gave it are from central and eastern Europe. We refer to the first concert of the New York Chamber Music Society, organized and directed by Miss Carolyn Beebe. If our recollection is right, Miss Beebe began her enterprise before the war. She herself is a pianist of technical ability and refinement, qualities which display themselves to great advantage in her ensemble playing. She has collected a small body of musicians, strings and wind, which perform compositions of chamber music, some of them as delightful as they are unfamiliar. At her first concert, on November 15, the programme included the famous Brahms quintette for piano and strings, which is a classic, and a sextette for piano and wood wind and French horn by a French composer named Thuille. One movement of this sextette, a gavotte, which cannot often be heard in the concert-room because of its unusual combinations of instruments, is delightfully tuneful as well as musicianly.

But the striking feature of the programme was a composition played by the Australian, now, we think, an American citizen, Percy Grainger. This novel and fascinating work, based upon an old English folk song called "Green Bushes," ought to confuse if it does not confute those who insist that "jazz" has no place in the field of respectable music. Mr. Grainger has taken this simple folk tune

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and has made out of it what he calls a passacaglia. The passacaglia is an old dance of Italian or Spanish origin and the music for it was "regularly constructed," as the Century Dictionary says, "upon a perpetually recurring theme." Miss Beebe's small group of players was augmented for the occasion by the organ which Mr. Grainger himself played, a double bass, saxophones, a trumpet, kettle-drums, snare-drum, bass drum, cymbals, and xylophone. Mr. Grainger is a master of orchestration, and he used this orchestra, small in numbers but large in variety, in both a masterly and engaging fashion. We should like to hear "Green Bushes" played again by a full symphony orchestra. Music does not necessarily have to be always serious or intellectual. It may vary its profounder side with gayety and even humor. In this particular composition Mr. Grainger is most successful in introducing the elements of gayety, surprise, and humor, qualities for which his work is becoming distinguished.

We do not know whether Miss Beebe takes her organization about the country, but if she does, we hope many communities may have the opportunity of hearing it. She is performing a real service of education in the field of music, although we suppose she would be the last one to assume any didactic or pedagogic motive.

As we listened the other evening to Mr. Grainger's happy "Green Bushes" it occurred to us that he might write a concerto for the kettle-drum. We wish he would undertake it. There is a kettle-drum player in the Boston Symphony Orchestra who is an extraordinary artist. It is a delight to watch him. Mr. Grainger is a master of rhythm. If he could put this Boston player at the front of the stage, like a violin virtuoso, with his kettle-drums in front of him and give to his rhythmic playing an orchestral background, we guarantee that it would be an interesting, if novel, experiment. Perhaps Miss Beebe will let him try this experiment some time with her augmented orchestra.

BIRTH CONTROL AND FREE SPEECH

WHAT Don Marquis, the delightful humorist of the New York "Sun," would playfully call "a little group of serious thinkers" has been carrying on a not altogether wisely directed agitation in favor of birth control. The law now forbids the dissemination of information regarding the means of preventing conception. The leader of the movement, Mrs. Margaret Sanger, would not only abolish the law, but would establish clinics at which medical information and instruction regarding birth control could be obtained by married women whose health might be endangered by child-bearing. As a part of her public agitation Mrs. Sanger arranged to hold a meeting in the Town Hall, New York, on Sunday evening, November 13, and a number of ladies and gentlemen of unimpeachable respectability acted as a committee indorsing the meeting. The purpose of the meeting was not, Mrs. Sanger pro-

Photograph by N. Muray

FLORENCE ELDRIDGE AS THE WAYWARD GIRL IN "AMBUSH"

tests, to discuss what we may perhaps be permitted to call bluntly the technique of birth control, but to debate the question whether it is moral to discuss the subject in general terms and to urge the abolition of the prohibitory law. The chief speaker was Mr. Harold Cox, editor of the "Edinburgh Review," one of the oldest and formerly most conservative periodicals in the English-speaking world.

But before the meeting was even called to order or a word was uttered the audience was forcibly ejected by the police, the speakers prevented from making their addresses, Mrs. Sanger was arrested, and the meeting was broken up in great disorder. This action of the police was taken, as is now practically acknowledged, on the instigation of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of New York City.

The Outlook is not in sympathy with Mrs. Sanger's methods and it is very doubtful about the good taste and wisdom of discussing the subject of birth control, which is properly a medical and scientific subject, in a public hall before a popular audience. But it cannot let the violent interference of the police on such an occasion pass without a protest. It was clearly a dangerous and, we think, illegal violation by the police of the fundamental right of free speech guaranteed by the United States Constitution, and, moreover, it was carried out in a very brutal fashion. The remedy to be pursued, if any remedy was needed, was to invoke the statutory law. The police might have had representatives present, or Archbishop Hayes of the Roman Catholic Church might have had a representative present, and if any of the speakers had uttered words or advocated acts which are contrary to the statutes they then might have been arrested on a criminal charge. To suppress a public meeting by force, as was done in this case, is simply to pursue the methods of Philip II of Spain or of the Government of the Romanoffs in Russia.

Archbishop Hayes regards birth control as a sin against the divine law and destructive of society. The Methodist Church denounces round dancing as a sin against the divine law and destructive of society. Let us suppose that the Mayor of the City of New York were a Methodist, that the Chief of Police were a Methodist, and that the Methodist hierarchy had a very potent if not controlling influence in the city administration. Let us suppose that an association of dancing masters called a public meeting in the Town Hall to discuss the question, Is Round Dancing Moral? If the police interfered, broke up the meeting, drove the speakers from the stage, and arrested the chairman, it is easy to imagine the protest that would go up all over the city, not less in the City Hall than anywhere else, over such puritanical despotism, and such a violation of the Constitutional liberties of American citizens. We do not think the analogy is far-fetched.

AMBUSH

THERE are some good plays on the boards this season in New York City. But so far the season has lacked the distinction of achievement which made last winter so notable. Those who come to New York for a glimpse of its drama will run less risk of disappointment if they make their first visit to the theater to some of the holdovers from the past year.

There is one of this season's plays, however, which deserves very much more attention than it has received from the metropolitan reviewers. It is "Ambush," a Theater Guild play by Arthur Richman. The Theater Guild has on many occasions placed the drama-loving public of New York heavily in its debt. "Ambush" is another notable example of the Guild's skill in selection and power in presentation.

It is the story of a middle-aged and

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idealistic clerk, married to a wife blind to his ideals and ambitious for a type of success which he does not crave. There is one daughter in the family, about whom the story centers. What the mother craves, the daughter takes. The story deals not so much with the development of her character, but with its exposure before her father's eyes. As a study of the psychology of a selfish, cold, and essentially cowardly spirit Mr. Richman's play and Florence Eldridge's presentation of the daughter can hardly be improved upon. The skill with which Miss Eldridge depicts the gradual change in the daughter's attitude from the mock contrition which follows the first discovery of her duplicity to the brazen abandon with which she finally casts aside all effort to mask her real self is the basis of her notable piece of character interpretation. Evil consists, in the daughter's eyes, not in the act, but in being found out. Her philosophy is unfortunately one upon which she has no private monopoly.

The cast as a whole is fully up to the standards of the Theater Guild. The girl's father, played by Frank Reicher, and her mother, played by Jane Wheatley, are, in particular, no less skillfully presented than the character of the daughter herself.

"Ambush" is not a pleasant play, but it is an unpleasant play which is distinctly worth while.

THE STOP-NOW POLICY

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE ARMAMENT CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

STOP.

And stop now.

Everything else is detail. Everything else can be compromised; for it is always possible to compromise unessentials. But this is the essence of the American proposal to the Armament Conference. When that proposal is accepted in principle, it is this that is accepted; for this is its principle.

What brought these nations together in council at Washington is the fact of competition in building battle fleets.

It is this competition—nothing else, for the present—that America proposes the nations shall stop at once.

At once means literally at once; not some day in the future to be chosen by mutual agreement—not next month or next year—but now. And when Mr. Hughes made that proposal it was November 12. Whatever the efficient, active, fighting battleships (including battle-cruisers) were on that day, let them remain without increase for ten years. It is not a proposal to hinder or delay competition, but to end it so definitely that if it is to be renewed it will have to have a new beginning. That is what is meant in this proposal by the term "naval holiday." It is an actual, definite, effective stopping.

Stop, and stop now.

This is so simple a proposal that it has proved to be hard to understand. Obviously a child can understand it, but apparently not all grown men. This may be because grown people have found so much in life that is obscure and complicated that when they see something simple they look, by force of habit, for a hidden meaning. In this case, at least, the meaning is not hidden. Either the nations must continue competition in building navies for offensive warfare, or they must end it. The American proposal is to end competition.

It is now, as I write, eight days since that proposal was made. Hundreds of thousands of words have been printed in the press of the world about it. A great many of these words have been a discussion of the question whether the ratio between the navies is fair to this nation or that. For example, is it fair that Great Britain, which has an empire to defend and an island people to supply with food from overseas, should have a navy no greater than that of America which is self-sustaining? Or is it fair that America should have no battle-cruisers such as other nations have? Or is it fair that Japan, a growing nation, should be left with so comparatively small a share of capital ships? Now all this discussion of ratio, it should be clearly understood, is not a discussion of detail; it is a discussion of the principle of the proposal; it is a discussion whether, after all, the competition should not be allowed to continue. The ratio between the navies was not arbitrarily set by the American proposal. It existed on November 12. It was there already. If the nations are to stop naval competition, that is the ratio that will remain. If any nation desires to change the ratio, then it desires to continue the competition. The acceptance of the existing ratio is essential to the acceptance of the American proposal in principle. There is no way to avoid accepting the existing ratio if the nations stop, and stop now.

Many thousands of words in this discussion have been devoted to submarines and aircraft and other means employed by navies, and this part of the discussion, it should be equally clearly understood, is concerned to a great degree with details. For the unit of measure the American proposal selects the capital ship. This is not arbitrary. The battle-cruiser, heavily armed but not heavily armored, and fast, and the battleship, heavily armed and heavily armored as well, but slower, the floating fortresses that can, if they are powerful enough, take and hold a position on the sea, constitute the battle power of a navy. And it is these capital ships which the nations have been competing with one another to build. To end competition, the nations must stop building these capital ships. Without proper auxiliaries these ships are not effective against ships that have proper auxiliaries; but minor craft do not win great battles, and minor craft are not the chief subject of competition. As to such vessels, so far as they do not affect the battle fleets, those who accept the principle of the American proposal are hospitable to suggestion.

When a nation agrees to stop trying to build more and bigger capital ships than another, it abandons any purpose it may now or in the future have of aggression. If the American proposal is accepted in principle, the details may be modified, for then the question of aggressive warfare is settled. That is what is meant by the American proposal to stop building and commissioning capital ships, and stop it now. That, and nothing else, is its principle.

Lawyers are reputed to be skillful in making simple things seem complicated. But the same kind of mind and training which gives some lawyers such skill seems to make other lawyers skillful in working through the tangle of a complicated matter and finding that it is essentially simple. This ability to discern and then to state simple and practical principles of action has been characteristic of Charles Evans Hughes from the beginning of his career. When he was Governor of New York State, I called on him in the Capitol at Albany to get from him an explanation of his policy regarding a proposed law to regulate nominations for elective offices. The selection of party candidates was then, and still is, one of the most complicated of political questions; but Mr. Hughes explained to me briefly the simple factors and stated a simple principle of action to deal with them. Whatever progress has since been made in that problem, which party bosses have not wished to see simplified, has been in accord with that principle. As Mr. Hughes stood in front of that green-covered table in Continental Memorial Hall and read in even

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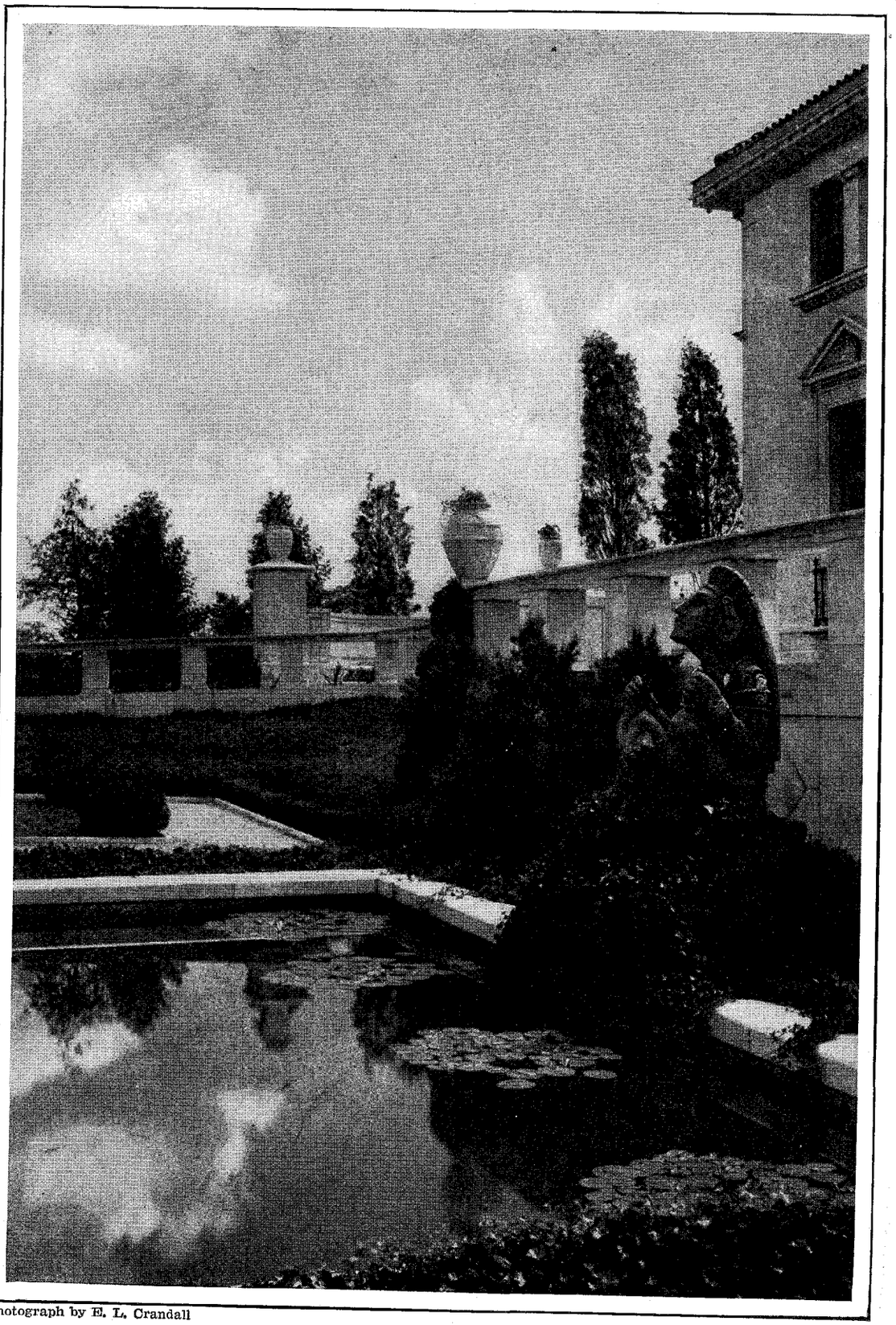

Photograph by E. L. Crandall

THE "SUNKEN GARDEN" OF THE PAN-AMERICAN BUILDING AT WASHINGTON, IN WHICH THE EXECUTIVE MEETINGS OF THE ARMS CONFERENCE ARE HELD. NOTE THE "SAD INDIAN," A SYMBOL OF AZTEC CIVILIZATION

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voice the very simple statement which has stirred the world as no mere eloquence has ever stirred it, I recognized in it the same quality that characterized what he said as he sat at his desk in the Capitol at Albany. And what he had said to that one visitor he had said no more simply or unaffectedly. His speech has been called audacious; I should not call it so; but it had all the effect of audacity. Its simplicity and directness in matter and in manner did perhaps as much as anything else to create that effect. The ease with which the thing was done was what caused most of the people within the sound of his voice to hesitate about crediting their ears. He might have been expounding to a bench of judges an obvious point of law; what he was doing was to propose before the world a course of action which as soon as he stated it was as obvious as if it had been always understood.

When Balfour rose to speak in response three days later, I could not help contrasting the occasion with the one on which I had first heard him speak. That was when he was much younger—twenty-eight years ago. Standing at careless ease in front of the Opposition benches in the House of Commons, he began a speech that stung with studied courtesy. Suddenly, with an air of superiority off its guard, he let fall a phrase which brought his opponents to their feet with shouts of disapproval. Serene, he waited for quiet—or for something else. Then one of his opponents shouted words which are not allowed in parliamentary debate, and at once the house was in an uproar. Within the bounds of parliamentary conduct himself, he had lured an opponent out of bounds. By his tactics he had put the party in power on the defensive. It was undeniably clever. This same man it was who rose on Tuesday, November 15, to give Great Britain's answer to the American proposal. Tall, slightly stooping, gray of hair, he was not now the adroit debater, but the responsible spokesman of a mighty empire. In all history no maritime Power after a victory over a foe which had tried to wrest from it its command of the sea had ever before been asked voluntarily to limit its naval might; but no nation could have answered more promptly or more definitely than did Britain when Arthur James Balfour in his country's name accepted the proposal. In total tonnage Britain's navy is by far the greatest in the world; and in power and responsibility the measure of Britain's victory in the war is overflowing. To ask such a nation to stop building capital ships—even to stop jointly with others—might in some periods of history have evoked resentment. This, however, is what that proposal of the Twelfth of November actually evoked:

> If the Eleventh of November in the minds of the Allied and Associated Powers, in the minds perhaps not less of all the neutrals—if that date is imprinted on grateful hearts, I think November Twelfth will also prove to be an anniversary welcomed and thought of in a grateful spirit by those who in the future shall look back upon the arduous struggle being made by the civilized nations of the world, not merely to restore pre-war conditions, but to see that war conditions shall never again exist.

Sketching the strategic weakness of England's insular position and of the scattered British Empire, and asking Britain's friends to remember, what her enemies never forget, her dependence upon the sea, Mr. Balfour then not only accepted America's proposal in principle but predicted that in its main structure, including the ratio of capital ships which fell to the lot of the nations involved, the American proposal would stand. As he spoke, Mr. Balfour, with scarcely a movement of the hands, except as he turned over the few notes that he occasionally referred to or grasped a lapel of his coat, punctuated his sentences with moments of hesitation as if waiting for the right word or phrase to express precisely and honestly his meaning; but there was no hesitation in purpose—rather a sober and restrained eagerness to give Britain's acquiescence adequate utterance. It was as if this unillusioned statesman and diplomat, long trained in the practice of guarding himself against sophistry alike from dogmatist and from charlatan, had found a hope on the point of being realized and a faith on the eve of fulfillment.

And then rose Japan in the person of the small, spare man who is Minister of Japan's navy—Admiral Baron Kato. In his own tongue, known to but few of his hearers, he read from a paper which he held up before him. He spoke so quietly I am not sure he was understood even by the Japanese present; but when the Japanese interpreter at his side read a translation into English, there was no mistaking his meaning. One sentence sufficed:

> Gladly accepting, therefore, the proposal in principle, Japan is ready to proceed with determination to a sweeping reduction in her naval armament.

Many rumors have since been afloat that Japan wishes to change the ratio of capital ships. I cannot credit such rumors, for that would mean that Japan wishes to repudiate the acceptance of the proposal not merely in detail but in principle. Those rumors may arise from these words of Baron Kato's:

> It will be universally admitted that a nation must be provided with such armaments as are essential to its security. . . . With this requirement in view, certain modifications will be proposed with regard to the tonnage basis for replacement of the various classes of vessels.

These words must be understood as conforming to the main purpose of Baron Kato's brief and sailor-like speech; and were evidently so understood by Mr. Hughes. Japan has explicitly agreed with Great Britain to accept the principle of America's proposal to stop naval competition and to stop at once.

Though not themselves competitors in the race for naval armaments, France and Italy, as important naval Powers, and members of the Conference on the subject of armaments, expressed, through Senator Schanzer and M. Briand, the French Premier, their approval.

Senator Schanzer, who looks and speaks like a scholar, referred to Italy's interest in limitation of naval armaments and expressed the belief that the American proposal was the first step toward the economic reconstruction of the world. Like all the other delegations with one exception, the Italian delegation presented its views to the Conference in English. That one exception, at both sessions, was the French. With eloquence such as certainly will characterize the speech on land armament which he is to deliver on the day this correspondence goes to press, M Briand, his mobile hands and his great head adding force to his words, expressed the joy in the agreement that had already been reached, and declared with truth that the crucial question was not one of economy; it was whether the peoples of the world will be at last able to come to an understanding.

This crucial question will certainly not be answered for all the nations of the world at this Conference. No new world order is suddenly to be organized here at Washington. Whatever is done here, points of friction are going to remain. One point is clear: America is not going to stop controversy in the Far East by force. She made that clear when she abandoned the only means by which she could enforce peace there—an offensive navy. Another point seems also clear: America will not join other nations in a pledge or contract to enforce peace. If she will not do it to protect France, she is not likely to do it to help China. Is there another way? I think there is. I think the beginning of that way may be found here. It is the way that leads through understanding rather than compulsion. It is the way of prevention, not of suppression.

Since the last open session the delegates from the Peking Government have presented their outline of China's case. It will be used as a basis of discussion. There are other views than China's of China's case. There are many difficulties in the way of understanding. These are not going to be removed by resolutions, or formulas, or constitutions and by-laws. They cannot be settled by an International Court, because they are primarily questions not of law but of policy. They are the sort of questions which within the country we settle not by going to a law court but by going to

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a polling booth. They have sometimes been settled by war. They can be settled by compromise, agreement, understanding.

One way by which the nations have agreed not to try to settle them has already been decided. The nations are agreed not to seek a setlement by competition in naval armaments.

That is what the proposal by America and the acceptance of it in principle by Britain and Japan means.

These three nations have agreed to stop naval competition, and to stop it now.

Washington, D. C., November 20, 1921.

ITALY'S TRIBUTE TO DANTE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM RAVENNA

BY KLYDA R. STEEGE

IT is safe to say that Ravenna has never accommodated a larger number of visitors than now, even in the days of her ancient grandeur, when princes of Church and State held court in her palaces and great leaders of men, both Goth and Roman, brought their hosts here.

Then she was a power in Italy and the sea came to her gates, while now it has retreated five miles away. Second only to Rome in the history of Christian art, her priceless remains have always brought students and lovers of such things here, and the monuments and memories of those early times which she still preserves would have made her famous if nothing else had happened to call our attention to her.

But this year the strangers within her gates have come from far-away parts of Italy and from distant countries to a tomb, the final earthly resting-place of the great poet, whose pilgrimage from his birthplace by the Arno led him here after years of weary wandering.

Here during these memorable days have been represented men of many shades of political opinion and many schools of thought and religion. The sixth centenary of Dante's death has also been marked by a strong undercurrent of patriotic feeling. For does not Dante stand for love of country and loyalty and sacrifice for ideals? One remembers his noble expressions of feeling in regard to the land he adored and his hopes for her. Moreover, it was Dante who, six centuries ago, foresaw the boundaries of Italy as they should be, and who has always been regarded with peculiar affection by the people of the cities and territories so long "unredeemed."

So for this occasion the various Italian factions have laid aside their differences and have all united in doing their utmost to honor the "divine poet." The Syndic (Mayor) of Ravenna is a Socialist, though a moderate one. In Ravenna are many Republican adherents, and the Fascisti here are many. To them have been added a company of over four thousand from Bologna, a three days' march away. They carried many banners, and, tired though they must have been after their long walk, they were ready with their song of "Giovanezza," which filled the air in all directions. There were also some of the legionaries of d'Annunzio from Fiume and many delegates from that unfortunate city. These legionaries were vociferous with their cry of "*Eja, eja, eja, alalà!*" The army was largely represented, officers and troops marching in procession to lay their offering at the poet's tomb. They carried war-worn flags, wore well-deserved medals, and the

THREE "FASCISTI" WHO TOOK PART IN THE DANTE COMMEMORATION AT RAVENNA. THESE MEN WALKED FROM BOLOGNA

people threw down flowers on them as they passed. Their gift in honor of their poet (a soldier himself in his youth) was a large wreath of bronze; it was borne on a gun carriage to be deposited at the foot of the sarcophagus.

In the procession with them came the representatives of the Communes of Italy, whose tribute of remembrance was significant. Its idea was suggested a year ago by Dr. Guido Biagi, of Florence, the noted bibliophile of that city, and took the form of a bell of bronze and silver, designed by an Italian sculptor, bearing the arms of Ravenna, Rome, and Florence. Every night at vespers its tones will float out over the old town and into the country near, bringing to all who hear it a thought of the exiled poet of long ago. For most Italians of even a moderate amount of education know their Dante.

Offerings at the tomb of the poet had been sent or brought from many parts of the world. There were several from America, notably that of the "Italians of the State of Louisiana" and that from some "American students of the 20th Century to Dante Alighieri, Poet, Philosopher, Scholar," which took the form of a tablet enwreathed, in bronze. In front of it hung the crimson ribbon of Harvard.

Rome gave gates of bronze to be placed before the tomb. These are fused from Austrian cannon, and so vindicate, in a way, the insults offered to the statue of Dante at Trent during the early days of the war. From Rome also came a noted delegation, and with them four men of the civic guard in their ancient costume and carrying their trumpets. Florence sent her standard-bearers in their mediæval dress of white with the red caps and sashes and carrying their silver maces, while the gonfalone with the red lily of Florence made a striking note in the processions.

D'Annunzio sent a message, which was read by the Syndic to the assembled throng in the Piazza, amid great applause and shouts for Fiume. He said that he was not worthy to be the orator on such an occasion, but he sent greetings and three sacks of laurel leaves, gathered from his gardens on the Lake of Garda.

On this fourteenth day of September (Dante's death-day), as on all the others during this time of remembrance, the numbers of persons going in and out of the little mausoleum seemed unending. They passed reverently in and out. Outside there was a brisk trade going on by enterprising persons with post-cards and medals to sell. But at the actual burial-place all was subdued. It was difficult to believe that we were not actually mourning for some one we loved who had left us but now.

Under the feet of the passers-by laurel leaves lay crushed, and the air was sweet with their pungent fragrance. Across the narrow street stands the house of the Polenta family, where Dante was an honored guest, and at night lights skillfully arranged on its front imitated moonlight with wonderful effect, while the tower in which the bell hangs, behind and above the tomb, was also illuminated. Behind it all rose the moon, near its full in an unclouded sky.

With this must not be forgotten the late afternoon in the Church of St. Apollinare, where an oratorio which had for its theme the life of Dante was given

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under the direction of Padre Refice, its composer, with an orchestra, chorus, and soloists.

The actual day of the poet's death was a national holiday. "On this day," says Boccaccio, "the noble knight, Guido da Polenta, placed the dead body of Dante, adorned with the insignia of a poet, upon a funeral bier and caused it to be borne on the shoulders of his most reverend citizens to the place of the Minor Friars in Ravenna, with such honor as he deemed worthy of the illustrious dead. . . . And Guido purposed, had his life and state endured, to honor Dante with so splendid a tomb that if no other merit of his had kept his name alive . . . this memorial alone would have preserved it." But this was not to be, and the tomb fell into neglect, until by other hands it was twice restored, the last time by Cardinal Gonzaga, who was responsible for the mausoleum in its present form which incloses the remains of the poet. The world knows how they were hidden by the Franciscans in 1515 for fear that Leo X would take them away to Florence, and of their remarkable recovery in 1865, the sixth centenary of the poet's birth.

To quote Boccaccio once more, it is interesting to see how he rebuked the Florentines when they tried to have the body of their great son restored to them. He says:

> He lies in Ravenna, a city far more venerable in years than yourself, for though in her old age she shows something of decay, yet in her youth she was by far more flourishing than you are now. . . . Ravenna, bathed as she is in the most precious blood of numberless martyrs, whose remains she to this day preserves with the greatest reverence . . . rejoices not a little that it has been granted to her of God, in addition to her other privileges, to be the perpetual guardian of so great a treasure as the body of him whose works are the admiration of the whole world, him of whom you know not how to be worthy. . . . Persist, then, in your ingratitude, while Ravenna, decked with your honors, shall boast herself to the generations to come.

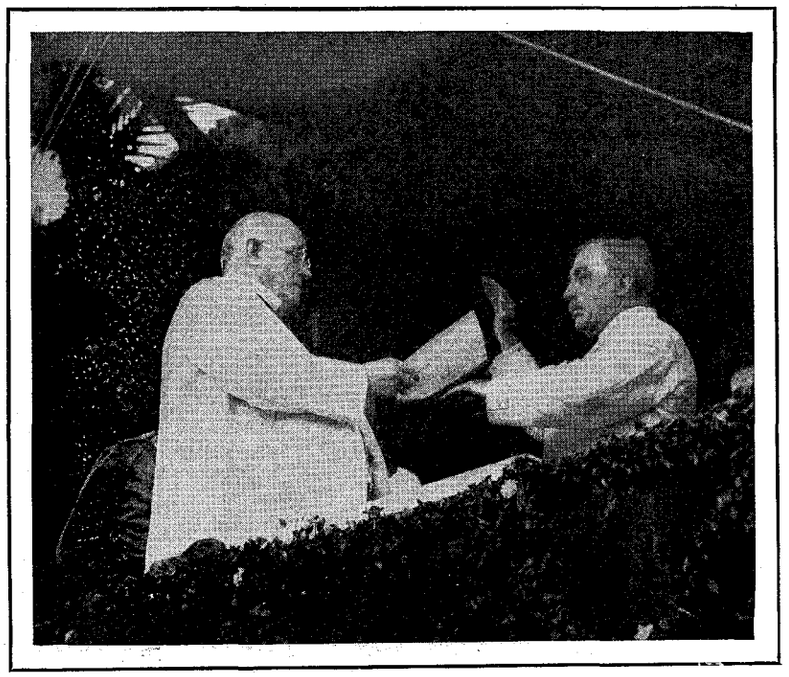
Ravenna has, indeed, "boasted herself," and with justice. She clasps hands with Florence in remembering and helping the world to remember the man who was born in the narrow street in the "house of the Alighieri" in the city on the Arno.

Ravenna, Italy.

WOOD FACING HIS TASK

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM MANILA

BY WALTER ROBB



JUSTICE JOHN ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO GENERAL WOOD

GOVERNOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD was inaugurated chief executive of the Philippines at 2:30 P.M., Saturday, October 15. He was in civilian clothes, but he received a salute of seventeen guns, two more than are accorded major-generals of the Army. As a major-general in the Army he had but one flag to serve. As Governor-General of the Philippines he has two flags, the American and the Philippine; and the latter is not a mere symbol, like State colors, which are seldom seen and little known, but was ostentatiously revived and made official during the latter period of Harrison's administration.

Every one is compelled by law to give it due respect; all Filipinos believe, or profess to believe, that very soon it will be the sole flag in the islands. "He [Governor Wood] gave the Cubans their independence, perhaps he will give us ours also," says the *tao* on the street.

In his inaugural speech Governor Wood made no mention of independence, but he promised that there should be "no backward step" in development of Philippine autonomy, that the experiment in democracy "shall not fail; the United States has put her hand to the plow and will not turn back." Turning to Speaker Osmeña when he had finished speaking, Governor Wood asked the Speaker to announce a session of the Council of State for nine o'clock Monday morning.

This was proof that there will be no backward step, for the Council of State includes the Speaker of the House of Representatives (its Vice-President) and the President of the Senate (Mr. Quezon), and the Governor-General makes no move without its approval. It is written in all recent laws: "The Governor-General, by and with the consent of the Council of State." To this Council Governor Wood read his address to the Legislature, which he had first submitted to Speaker Osmeña. His sole departure from custom was that he submitted (and read it) in English, instead of resorting to Spanish and tickling the Latin tastes of a Legislature in which there has never been but one speech made in English—and that a subject of much amusement because to most of the ninety members it was naught but noise and gibberish.

Governor Wood insists that the islands shall live within their income, some 70,000,000 pesos a year, and that expenditures for education, public health, and public works shall not be curtailed. He finds that a third of the children born die before they are a year old, and he wants this wanton waste of life stopped; he finds that some of the six thousand lepers in the islands can be cured, and he wants this done; in the same way he wants the insane and other unfortunates cared for adequately.

In the courts there are nearly 50,000 cases pending, another big task for an efficient administrator to clear up. He finds the Government, through "National" companies, in the railway, the coal, the petroleum mining, the shipping, the cordage, the plantation, and other business; and all of this he wants stopped—as unfair to private enterprise and unprofitable to the Government.

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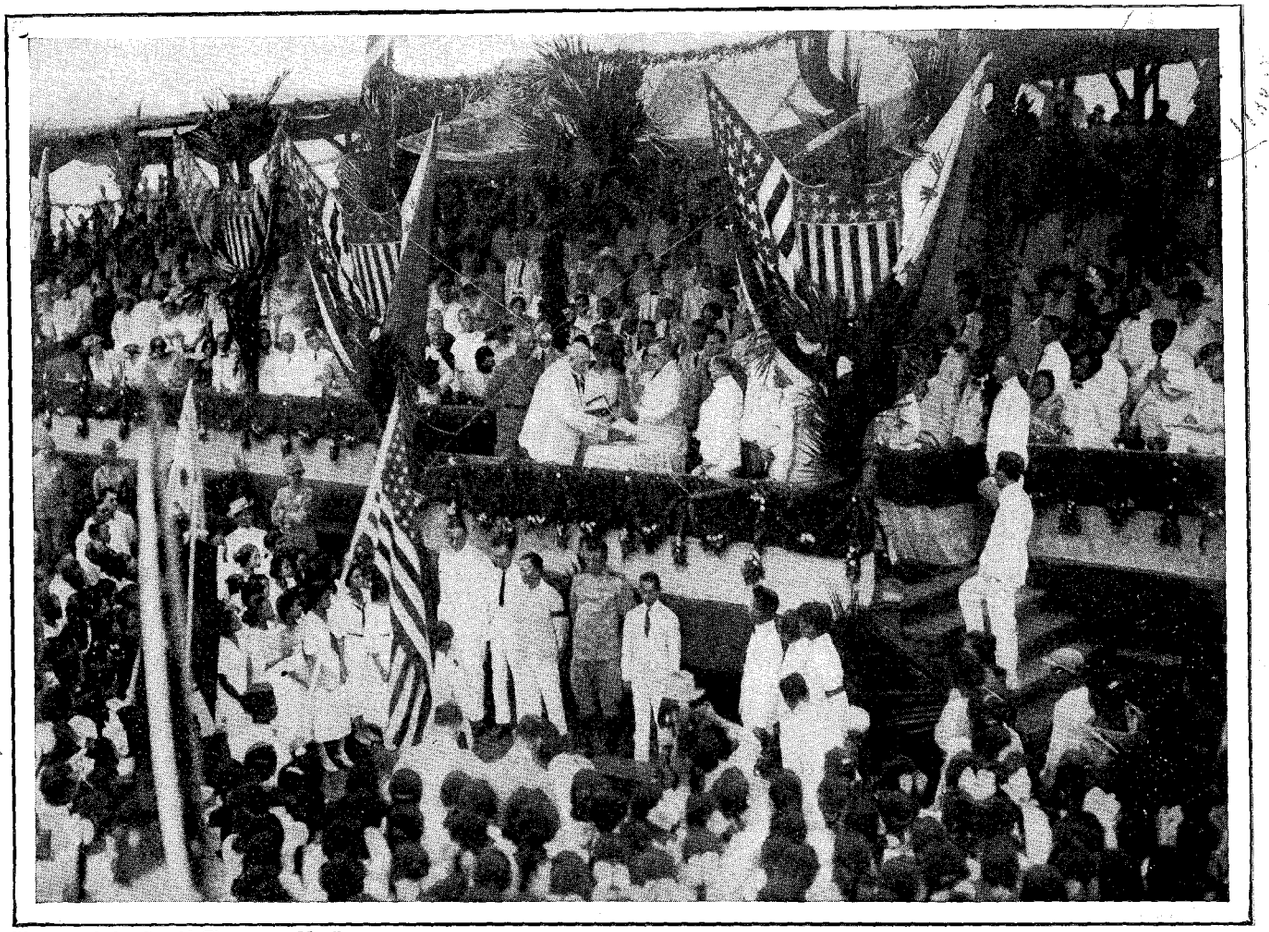

Photograph by Gerald Thompson, Manila

GOVERNOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE "UNDER TWO FLAGS"

But he finds, on the other hand, "that in twenty-three years the Filipinos have progressed more than any other people in the world; not because of their own efforts alone, however, but with the aid of thousands of Americans who have sacrificed their best interests for the welfare of the Filipino people." He finds the Filipino people worthy of the McKinley policy of tolerance and tutelage, and will continue to plow in that furrow.

He has disappointed a faction in the American Chamber of Commerce, which, with entire honor and much courage—seeing that it is composed of business men—advocates making the Philippines into the "Territory of Malaya" and retaining them under the American flag forever. This faction is ready to say that Filipinos have failed in self-government; but Governor Wood is only ready to say that *some* Filipinos in public office have erred, a few very grievously and criminally. His faith in the mass of the people is unshaken before the disclosures concerning certain few politicians and party heelers.

The American people own nearly 100,000 square miles of land in the Philippines—the unoccupied public domain. This land is as rich as any in the world; it could easily produce every tropical product required in the commerce of the United States, including rubber, tea, and coffee. Of course, when the islands are given to the Filipinos, these lands will also be transferred. Meantime it is one of Governor Wood's biggest problems to get them under survey and title and to have titles issued for private lands, so that homesteading, leasing, and farming may go forward rapidly.

The Bureau of Lands is to be reorganized to this end.

Getting back to the Council of State, which is the Cabinet augmented by the members already mentioned, within this Council is the Board of Control: the Governor-General (American), the Speaker and the Senate President (Filipinos).

The Hon. Charles Emmett Yeater, former Vice-Governor of the Philippines, who was Acting Governor-General while the Wood-Forbes mission made its investigations, has described this Board of Control as a triumvirate as absolute as any that ever existed in Rome. And so it is, with the two Filipinos outvoting the lone American member. It is *not* vicious, because the Filipinos are good men; but it is powerful—in fact, relatively it is the most powerful governing body in the world.

Not one thing in the way of government procedure can be done in the Philippines without the approval of this Board, which controls many millions of invested capital of the Philippine Government, besides shaping every law that is even considered for the statute-books. The Legislature merely takes ratifying action; it is a rather dignified toy in the hands of Speaker Osmeña and Senate President Quezon—and Quezon must take his turn after Osmeña is through!

With such efficient but scarcely democratic machinery, Governor Wood begins his administration. In view of the faith reposed in his pronouncement of no backward step, the Legislature did not pass the usual joint resolution in its opening session this year, asking for immediate independence and declaring Filipinos fit for such a responsibility.

Osmeña is content with knowing that the preamble in the Philippines Act of 1916 is not to be repealed. He has pledged Governor Wood his support, and Mr. Yeater, who worked with him four years, says: "Mr. Osmeña is a man who when he makes you a promise you can go to sleep on it. The promise will be kept." It only remains to say that peace and order reign in America's farthest outpost, the only Christian country in the East—from Aparri to Zamboanga. In 1842, conducting the first exploring expedition in the Pacific for the United States, Charles Wilkes, U. S. N., remarked that "among all her colonial possessions the Philippines cost Spain the least blood." The people are naturally peaceful.

Manila, Philippine Islands, October 16, 1921.

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LILACS

BY HARRY LEE

It seemed the scent
Of white and purple bloom
Was blent with all
The old wife thought or said.
"They're all in bloom again
And he is gone,
All—all in bloom again
And he is dead."

He was an old, old man,
He had outlived
The span appointed
For the sons of men,
Yet would the old wife sigh:
"It seems too hard
He couldn't live to see
The lilacs all in bloom
Just once again."

PRINCE TOKUGAWA, HEIR OF JAPAN'S LAST SHOGUN

BY NANCY VIRGINIA AUSTEN

MOST men become famous because of their deeds; only a few can boast greatness because of what they refrain from doing. Of the latter is Prince Iyesato Tokugawa, son of Japan's last Shogun. But in order to understand it we must go back a little in history.

When Commodore Perry went to Japan on that historic mission in 1853, he communicated with the ruler, and after much parleying signed a treaty with him which opened the doors of Japan to the West. The American was much chagrined later on to find that it was not the real Emperor with whom he had treated, but his deputy, the Shogun Tokugawa; and he learned for the first time that there were two rulers in Japan; the supreme Emperor and a *de facto* ruler called the Shogun.

According to Japanese history, the Imperial title has descended through an unbroken line of 123 Emperors from the great-great-grandson of Amaterasu, who took to himself the throne of Dai Nippon in 660 B.C. But eight hundred years ago Yoritomo, a feudal lord, assumed the title of Shogun and founded a dual sovereignty, which continued until 1868, the Shogun posing as the protector of the Emperor.

Since the Emperor himself always bestowed the title, it gave the Shogun a sure footing. He was the Emperor's deputy—the *de facto* ruler—while the Emperor dwelt in luxury and ease behind his military guard. (In my opinion, nothing except the idea of his descent from the sun goddess kept the Emperor on the throne.) In the guise of defending the sacred person of his Emperor, the Shogun went forth to despotic acts.

The Shogunate passed from one great family to another; for in those days Japan was torn by tribal wars and revolutions, the strongest clan winning the coveted appointment. It so happened that in 1603 Iyeyasu Tokugawa was the feudal lord who conquered and was made Barbarian-Vanquishing Generalissimo, to

PRINCE TOKUGAWA

give the translation of Shogun. Quarrels and fightings and executions there were; but Iyeyasu was more than a military leader. He was a reformer and a lawgiver.

The Tokugawas were aggressive; the idea of a "victory of peace" was unknown, so they began to make things move. The feudal system was perfected; the Shogun assumed more and more of the Imperial prerogatives, and under the pretense of safeguarding the Emperor shut him still farther away from his people and their affairs. The name *Bakufu* (the Shogun's government), or "military curtain," was an apt one; for the Shogunate had become in truth a complete and impervious curtain between the Emperor and his people. Notwithstanding this fact, the Tokugawas did much for the advancement of the country. They fostered the arts and encouraged learning and culture in general; they founded schools in the feudal halls where the sons of the Samurai might study the sciences, languages, and medicine.

The Tokugawas established the seat of their military government in Yedo (Tokyo), and from their castle there in regal splendor administered the acts of government, while the Emperor, living in seclusion four hundred miles away in Kyoto, was little heard of. While maintaining the strictest military discipline, the fine arts were not neglected. Iyemitsu Tokugawa built those magnificent temples at Nikko in honor of his grandfather, Iyeyasu, founder of the Tokugawa Shogunate. But it was the power of the military caste which predominated. That was the day of the Samurai; any one not privileged to carry a sword must bow to one who could. The merchant was despised; the soldier glorified.

All the *daimyo* (feudal lords) swore allegiance to the Emperor's deputy; however, some of the most powerful and progressive clans united in a body called the "foreign-expelling party." Their ostensible object was to rid Japan of foreign ideas, religions, and customs (which the Tokugawas encouraged); but the real purpose was to regain his former power for the Emperor and to restore Shintoism (worship of Japanese ancestors) and old native customs. In such times did Commodore Perry hand in his letter from the President of the United States of America. And it was the Shogun who received it, who replied to it, who signed the treaty, and who had to answer to the Emperor and the anti-foreign party for what was considered an unpatriotic act. The Emperor, however, finally agreed to uphold the Shogun on the treaty, which only served to increase the bitterness of the controversy.

We now come to the last of the Tokugawa Shoguns, Yoshinobu Tokugawa, or Keiki, as we call him. Five weeks after he had appointed Keiki to the Shogunate the Emperor Komei died and his son Mutsuhito, a lad of fourteen, came to the throne (1866). The young ruler had been trained along liberal lines and was

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ready for leadership. But which side would he take? One party was calling upon all patriotic Japanese to put the foreigner out; the other party was calling just as loudly for the adoption of foreign influences. It was the most puzzling time in the long stretch of Japanese history.

Keiki Tokugawa was a man of vision and patriotism. He saw that his country was drifting into troublous times; that civil war loomed near the horizon; that a dual government was no longer feasible. So he did what he considered to be the right thing for his country. In December of 1867, against the remonstrance of his followers, he voluntarily resigned his powers and prerogatives as Shogun and retired to the quiet life of a country gentleman.

For two hundred and sixty-four years the Tokugawa family had wielded the real power of the Empire. They had been accorded honors second only to those of the Emperor. Their word had been law, and no one could gainsay it. But Keiki had read the signs of the times and had risen to an act of patriotism perhaps not surpassed in history. Few there have been to relinquish voluntarily the seat of government.

In resigning his power into the hands of the Emperor, Yoshinobu (Keiki) issued to the feudal lords the following:

Manifesto (Translation)

A retrospect of the various changes through which the Empire has passed shows us that after the deadness of the monarchical authority, the power passed into the hands of the Minister of State—and that by the wars of 1156 to 1159 the governmental power came into the hands of the military class. My ancestor Iyeyasu received greater marks of confidence than any before him, and his descendants have succeeded him for more than two hundred years.

Though I perform the same duties, the objects of the Government and the penal laws have been missed, and it is with the feelings of the greatest humiliation that I find myself obliged to acknowledge my own want of virtue as the cause of the present state of things.

Moreover, our intercourse with foreign countries becomes daily more extensive, and consequently our national policy cannot be pursued unless directed by the whole power of the state.

If, therefore, the old régime be changed and the governmental authority be restored to the Imperial Court—if the counsels of the whole Empire be collected and the wise decisions received, and if we unite with all our heart and all our strength to protect and maintain the Empire, it will be able to range itself with the nations of the earth. This comprises our whole duty to our country.

However, if you [the *Daimyos*] have any particular ideas on the subject, you may state them without reserve.

Keiki immediately afterward acquainted the Emperor with his determination to renounce all authority and to submit entirely to the Imperial will; the Emperor met this self-effacing act with magnanimity. In accepting the resignation he issued the following:

Manifesto (Translation)

It has pleased Us, at his request, to dismiss the Shogun. Henceforward We shall exercise supreme authority in both the internal and the external affairs of the nation. For the term "Tycoon" [meaning Shogun] which has hitherto been employed in the treaties must henceforth be substituted that of Emperor.

For the first time the name of the Emperor Mutsuhito was affixed to a public document. His next move was to transfer the Imperial capital to Yedo (Tokyo), taking up his residence in the former Tokugawa castle.

Keiki absolutely effaced himself from public affairs, and for many years lived in complete retirement. His deportment won the highest esteem and confidence of the Emperor, who toward the close of his reign sent for him to come to Tokyo and gave him the title of Prince. He was happy to spend his remaining days in the city of his fathers; and there today lives his heir, the present head of the Tokugawa family, Prince Iyesato Tokugawa.

Kamenosuke Tokugawa (as Iyesato was known until he was fifteen years old), a son of Prince Tayasu Tokugawa, was adopted at the age of five by Keiki as his son and heir. The same year, 1868, he was appointed Governor of Shidzuoka Province, where Keiki lived. This appointment was made to show confidence in the Tokugawa family, but the idea of a child official was not new in Japan, as often in those days the young heirs of famous men were given high positions.

From 1873 to 1877 Iyesato was placed in school in England and was able at first hand to observe the foreign customs which his father urged the wisdom of introducing into his own land. It would seem, however, that Iyesato is more conservative than his father; at any rate, he has not taken up Western customs to any great extent. This is illustrated by a story told about him by the people of the part of Tokyo where he now lives. They say that Prince Iyesato and his son are running a race; the father rides out every day in a carriage, while the son flashes forth in an automobile!

The history of Prince Iyesato Tokugawa can be written in a short space, for he has held himself aloof from all political squabbles and has kept his name discreetly in the background. Time and again he has been urged to accept office, even that of Premier, but he has always had the great sagacity to refuse.

Though in 1890, when the Japanese Diet opened its first session, Prince Tokugawa took his seat in the House of Peers by virtue of being a Japanese prince, he let it be known from the beginning that he was not a politician. He read much, observed everything, but he said little. In 1903 his brother-in-law, Prince Konoye, President of the House of Peers, died, and Prince Tokugawa was appointed in his place, a position he has held ever since. So we see the unique situation in which the heir of the usurper of the Imperial authority presides over the House of Peers in the Japanese Diet!

Prince Iyesato's keen insight and temperate judgment, his caution, and his consideration for the public good have won for him a warm place in the hearts of the people. When urged to take a public part in Government affairs, he always returns the answer that he must not mix in public questions, but must remain unnoticed behind the scenes. One cannot help interjecting the remark that he imposes the restrictions upon himself which his forefathers did upon the Emperors!

Prince Tokugawa has willingly given his help and influence to all humanitarian good works. The Red Cross always counts on his generosity; one of his former retainers and fast friends is president of the temperance society, and Prince Tokugawa has done much to help that cause in Japan. In his contact with the people he has shown a democratic spirit in advance of his time. Those living near his country estate learn to recognize him, for when strolling along the road he meets them with a hearty "Good-morning." And not many Japanese princes stop to greet a country boy!

In 1910 Prince Tokugawa made a tour of the world; but he went as a private individual and attracted very little attention on the trip. This illustrates his quiet way of moving about.

This year in Tokyo the argument over the delegates to the Disarmament Conference waged fast and furious; there were two parties with candidates for the chief place, and neither willing to drop its man. An agreement seemed dubious. When Premier Hara named Prince Iyesato Tokugawa, it acted like magic. Both parties readily accepted him, and brotherly feeling once more prevailed among Japanese politicians, the army, and the navy. So that is how the heir to the one-time dictator to the Emperor heads a delegation from the Imperial Government to a Disarmament Conference. The nations gathered in Washington may feel confidence in the views of such a man as Prince Tokugawa.

While he has always been temperate in judgment and considered a conservative, he is by no means a "mossback." He is keenly alive to the questions of the day, both of his own land and of the outside world. Although not a Christian, he attended the opening session of the World's Sunday School Convention, which was held in Tokyo last year; and in presenting an oak gavel to the presiding officer said that the oak seemed a fitting symbol of the endurance and strength of truth.

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WAR: FORETHOUGHT

International

SECRETARY HUGHES (RIGHT) AND ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, HEAD OF THE BRITISH DELEGATION TO THE ARMS CONFERENCE

(C) Underwood

A HISTORIC SCENE—SECRETARY HUGHES READING HIS ADDRESS BEFORE THE ARMS CONFERENCE

Secretary Hughes is seen in the right center reading his remarkable proposal for the diminution of navies. Behind him is General Pershing. Seated at the table, facing camera, at the right of Secretary Hughes (left to right): Senator Underwood of Alabama; the Hon. Elihu Root; Senator Lodge of Massachusetts—the American delegates. At Secretary Hughes's left, the Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour; Lord Lee; Sir Auckland Geddes—the British delegates. Seated at the left side of the table can be seen two members of the French delegation—Premier Briand and René Viviani. At the extreme right of the picture, with arms folded, is Secretary Hoover; the second man at his right is Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt. Seated behind Senator Underwood is Samuel Gompers

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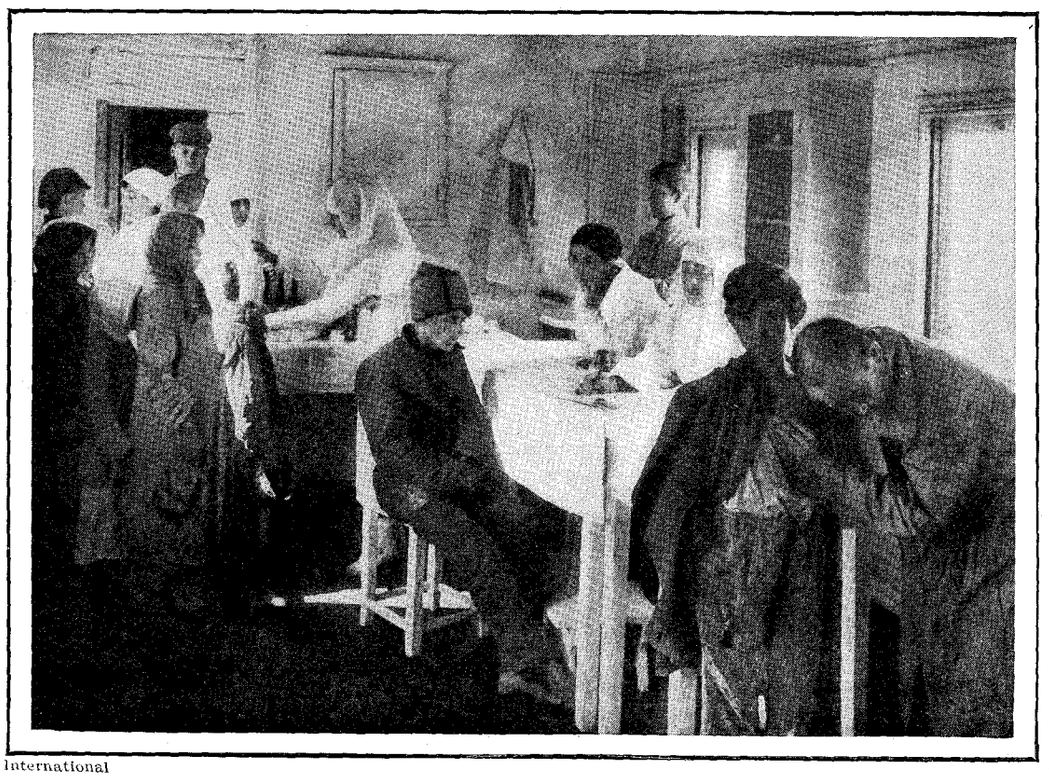
AND AFTERTHOUGHT

International

REFUGEES AT SAMARA BEING FED BY WORKERS OF THE FIRST AMERICAN RELIEF ADMINISTRATION TRAIN



International

STARVING RUSSIAN CHILDREN AT SAMARA BEING EXAMINED BY PHYSICIANS AND NURSES IN A HOSPITAL SUPPLIED BY THE AMERICAN RELIEF ADMINISTRATION

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BRIAND AND PRESENT-DAY FRANCE

BY C. H. SHERRILL

AMERICANS, especially those who have not lived in France, are apt to consider Frenchmen an unsteady, erratic folk. No American thinks this who has visited Verdun, where Pétain's immortal phrase, "They shall not pass," was indelibly painted upon France's fair scutcheon in the outpoured blood of 400,000 Frenchmen who there laid down their lives—an everlasting proof of French steadfastness! Some who are critically inclined allege that there is instability in the French system of conditioning Government control upon the retention of a majority in Parliament. The fact is that the conduct of the different Government departments in France goes uninterruptedly forward, regardless of shifting Ministries, and with less change than in Washington, where Cabinet officers are apt to alter the conduct of the departments committed to their care. French Prime Ministers change more frequently than do our Presidents, but in type they differ less than did McKinley from Roosevelt, or Cleveland from Wilson. In order to learn of French politics, let us study some of their public men, not forgetting the national limitations subject to which they must function and certainly not overlooking sundry leaders of the press, so influential in their public life.

An unusually typical Prime Minister even in Paris the unchanging is Aristide Briand. For the sixth time Briand last came into power as Prime Minister January 16, 1921. Only once had he actually been forced from office by adverse Parliamentary votes, on all the other occasions resigning because the time seemed inopportune for carrying forward his policy of government. As Prime Minister he has held various portfolios, generally that of the Interior, only twice that of Foreign Affairs. It is easier to understand this astute politician if one learns that, when cares of office permit brief holidays, he spends them fishing at a little place he owns in the department of the Eure, not far from Paris. An enthusiastic follower of Izaak Walton's sport and a Frenchman! This combination means that one starting with all the quick perceptions of a Latin is further equipped with that infinite patience without which the wielder of rod and line becomes an impossibility. Observe him from this angle, and the reasons for Briand's political success begin to unfold themselves.

One day in June, 1921, while I was lunching with him at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, his official residence, he interrupted his amazing flow of anecdote, gleaned during years of public life, to ask if I still preferred to think of him more as a fisherman than as a Prime Minister. The answer was easy, for it was upon the very next day that Lord Curzon, head of the British Foreign Office, was arriving in Paris to see Briand after he had repeatedly invited the Frenchman to come to London or Folkstone, or even Boulogne! Briand, with a fisherman's patience, having announced to England France's policy on certain matters, had simply waited. Nor does this fisherman always sit on the bank, for when, a month later, his enemies sought to overthrow him in the Chambre des Députés by attacking a high functionary of his, the Foreign Office, he waded out into the political rapids, vigorously defended the man, and offered to resign if the Deputies disapproved of such defense. And all this turmoil was about a telegram sent before Briand had last become Minister—some one else's political baby left on his doorstep, as it were! There you have the man, alert-minded like all Latins, logical as is the average Frenchman, quickly daring, but all this against a background of untiring patience.

The French themselves do not seem to realize the significant change that has come over their position as a Continental Power, thanks to Briand. When he last became Prime Minister, they were England's "splendid second," to borrow a phrase of Kaiser Wilhelm's anent Austria. Now we see, not only Lord Curzon coming to Paris instead of Briand going to England, but also many other European leaders, such as Benes, Take Jonescu, Pashich, and, last of all, the Greek Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs, all acknowledging by their visits the prestige attained by the French capital.

It is said by some critics that the French parliamentary system tends to develop opportunists. Well, here is one of the best of them, for his opportunism is based on the sound and practiced philosophy of one as willing to resign office as he has been to undertake its responsibilities. The only dangerous opportunist is the one eager for office or unwilling to leave it. Briand began his political career as an advanced Socialist. He was a workingman, a toiler with his hands, but his fiery political speeches so delighted his fellows that they pushed him on and upward as their adored representative. That diplomat of long training, Count Wrangel, while Swedish Minister for Foreign Affairs, once remarked to me that when a Socialist mounted high enough to view the world from a first-floor balcony it became for him quite different from that same world seen from the curbstone! The responsibilities of office necessarily broadened and refined the Socialist Briand. The once carelessly garbed workingman has become as well and quietly dressed as the most fastidious Londoner. His hair, however, remains longer than convention demands, but the dark shock, slightly gray at the sides, adds to the appearance of strength given by powerful shoulders. But the feature lingering longest in memory is the unwavering gaze of his intense blue eyes. Most great men have a keen gaze because they have no time for casual glances, and Briand is like other great men in this respect. For great man he has proved himself to be, and that too on frequent occasions, notably when, as Prime Minister in 1910, he, a Socialist, defeated the Socialist railway strike by the bold expedient of summoning the strikers to military duty and then assigning them to service on the very railways they planned to desert. France first and Socialism second was then his idea, and so it has always been throughout his political career —France first and his own projects second, even when that meant resignation from high office, as it often did.

Briand has a very pleasant sense of humor. When at the famous March, 1921, meeting in London, Lloyd George, expecting a reasonable indemnity suggestion from the German delegate, Dr. Simons, found that, on the contrary, he seemed to be putting the blame for the war on the Allies, and almost to ask an apology from them to the poor overburdened Germans, the British Prime Minister penciled a brief note to Briand, "In five minutes' time you will hear that it is we who owe money to the Germans." Briand said nothing, but took out his watch and placed it on the table before him. At the end of exactly five minutes he pushed the watch over to Lloyd George with a paper on which he had written, "Give it to him, and give him your shirt along with it."

Even sentiment, so potent a factor with all Latins, never prevents Briand's sense of humor from functioning. One day during the war Briand, then Prime Minister, after lunching at a restaurant on the Rue Royale with Lloyd George, set out on foot with him for the Foreign Office. On their way through the Place de la Concorde, they stopped before the statue of Strasbourg, draped in crape and covered with banners and flowers by devoted Alsatians. Said Lloyd George, with much emotion, "I can never see that statue in its trappings of woe without an unspeakable sadness coming over me." Briand grasped his hand, saying, "Rest assured that when this war ends we will remove those sad draperies." The distinguished Briton became thoughtful for a moment and then continued: "Perhaps if some day after the war I should see in Berlin a statue of the German left bank of the Rhine similarly draped with mourning, I would feel the same emotion." "Ah," replied Briand, "learn to control your emotions, lest you should also come upon

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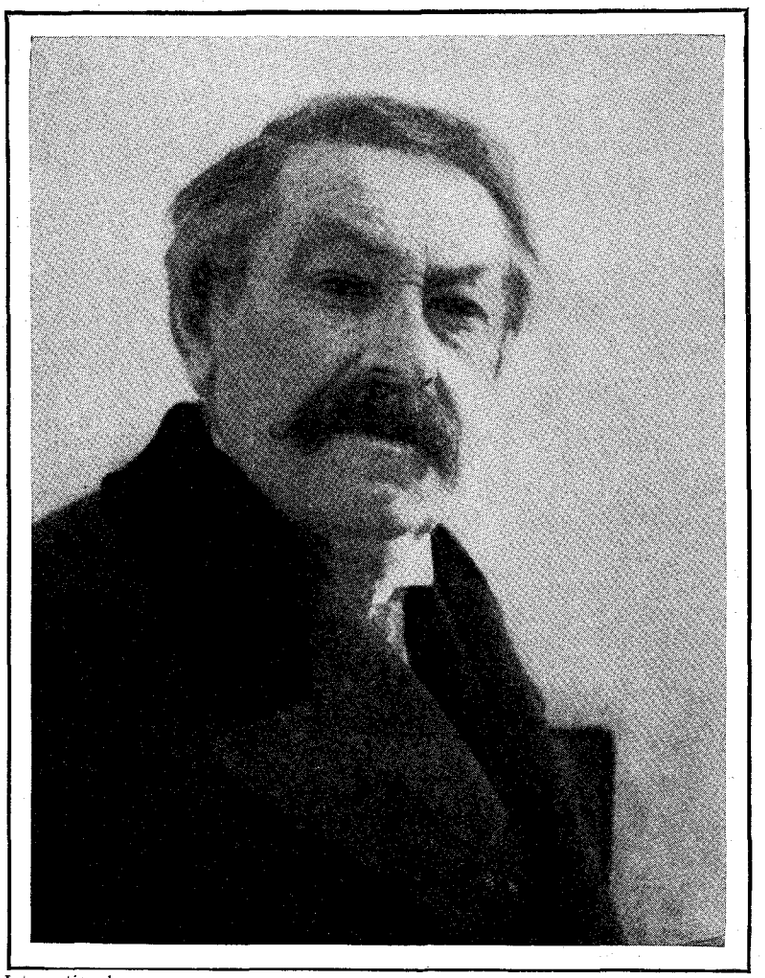
another draped statue in Berlin representing the German colonies that the war had forced you to take from Germany—it wouldn't do then to show too much distress!"

Prime Ministers, especially French ones, must necessarily make enemies; their control of political patronage alone insures this, for, as a prominent Tammanyite once remarked, "When you fill a good job it always means creating one ingrate and a dozen enemies." But Briand also knows how to make and keep friends, and devoted ones too. One of these is Maurice Bunau-Varilla, since 1903 sole owner of the "Matin," most modernized and progressive of all the Paris dailies, with a circulation of a million copies.

Bunau-Varilla's square, rugged frame, topped by a determined face with closely cropped gray beard, reminds an American of our President Grant. His admiration for Briand is a pretty thing to see, but he is not always amiable—in fact, he is sometimes a good hater, as Georges Clemenceau knows to his cost! Newspapers have more direct political influence in France than they have with us, which is partly explained by the fact that there sudden storms may upset Parliamentary majorities, which means ousting leaders, a danger from which our office-holders are secure.

Having cited an influential journalistic friend of Briand's, let us not forget an equally fervent enemy, André Géraud, known to American readers by his pen-name of Pertinax. This active and able writer for the "Echo de Paris" and its owner, Henri Simond, attack Briand with as much enthusiasm as they supported Millerand when Prime Minister. Taken together, Géraud and Simond make a highly effective journalistic team, and there is no gainsaying that there is never a dull paragraph in articles signed Pertinax. The anti-aristocratic movement, which at the end of the eighteenth century set the guillotine at work cutting off the heads of nobles, has never died out in France. Even during the last war, when France needed every man, members of the ancient *haute noblesse* sometimes suffered from being considered too aristocratic, and certain ones were even refused commissions. Beneath the surface of republican France there continually smolders a monarchical minority, and the press champion of this element is that picturesque figure Arthur Meyer, editor of the "Gaulois." Needless to say, the gentler sex, especially they of the smart set, favor this brand of politics, so it follows that the "Gaulois" penetrates into more Paris *salons* than any other sheet, and indeed its vivacious, well-written columns deserve that recognition from a class so interested in matters artistic and literary. The "Temps" is the Paris paper that more nearly approximates the type represented by the great London and New York journals. While the serious weight of its front-page articles may not overturn Ministries so readily as can



International

ARISTIDE BRIAND, PREMIER OF FRANCE AND HEAD OF THE FRENCH DELEGATION TO THE ARMS CONFERENCE

some of its livelier neighbors, yet support from its clear, sound reasoning goes far to establish the record of deserving statesmen. Such newspaper-reading folk as Americans are naturally surprised to learn that the "Petit Parisien" has a daily circulation of over 1,600,000, a world record, a little more than its leading London rival, the "Daily Mail," and more than twice what our "best sellers" can show.

It was brought up to these vast totals by Senator Jean Dupuy, and upon his death his son, Paul Dupuy, who has succeeded him as Senator, has proved himself an equally skillful editor. There is no doubt that French newspapers have more real political influence than ours have. When George McClellan was elected Mayor of New York City by a handsome majority, all the papers but one opposed him vigorously. If such a journalistic broadside had been turned loose in Paris, it would have doomed any candidate, no matter what his worth or backing.

Although the parliamentary system of the French undoubtedly puts a premium on opportunism, their Prime Ministers occasionally surprise friends and hearten enemies by trying, at least for a while, to breast the current of public opinion. Recently Briand took such a chance, and with his eyes open to its danger. During the trying period caused by disagreement between the French and English as to the proper handling of the Upper Silesia problem and that of German reparations it was the fashion for certain London journalistic extremists to characterize as "Wild Men" the nationalistic bloc in the French Parliament, which under the masterly leadership of ex-President Poincaré urged using force to the uttermost with the Germans. They, and indeed most Parisians, clamored for French occupation of the Ruhr and other industrial districts in Germany, while many shouted, "On to Berlin!" It would have certainly proved a wildly popular move for the Prime Minister to make. He had already called to the colors nearly 200,000 men recently released from military service. Why not draw the saber and sound the advance? But Briand did not. He knew that the French, although always gallant fighters, were not really a militaristic nation, and he also knew that it would be hurtful if the outside world had reason for considering them militaristic. He was right, for, so far as America is concerned, he would certainly have alienated American support if he had yielded to the public clamor in that regard, for we do not like "the man on horseback"

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and we are opposed to militarism for all time. France had suffered from German depredations far more than any other nation, and she urgently needed money to repair her miles of devastated towns, and certainly Germany had done her utmost to postpone and reduce reparation payments. There was every excuse for French desire to crush Germany economically or to wring huge repayments from her. But to do both was impossible—the same cow cannot at the same time yield both beef and milk. What was to be France's policy? First, let us consider the general situation, for in that way we can come to see how, under the French political system, a leader can develop a policy.

A curious omission from the document signed at London May 20, 1921, fixing the amount that Germany must pay the Allies was that it neglected to offer the Germans any inducement for advancing those payments either in cash or material. The French Prime Minister came to see this omission and developed an original line of policy which may prove more productive of future benefit to France and peace for Europe than the strictest enforcement of the Versailles Treaty. His Minister of Finance, Paul Doumer, was one of the few Frenchmen who opposed occupying the Ruhr district to enforce payment of the German indemnity, because he believed there were other ways of getting it not so crippling to the payer's power of payment. On the other side of the matter, the new German administration had the wisdom to realize that, since the amount of these payments was now fixed, the time for dilatory haggling was past, and that the best move for regaining German credit abroad was to live up to the terms of the London pact. For over two years there had been many meetings of numerous principals around variously shaped large tables, but now common sense indicated that ravaged France needed face-to-face dealings with Germany in order to get German reconstructive aid directly and quickly. This became clear to both parties, and Briand sent Loucheur (the French Cabinet officer particularly charged with the devastated regions) to meet at Wiesbaden Rathenau, the German Minister of Reconstruction. They were both hard-headed, practical men. The former had made a large fortune during the war by far-sighted business dealings, and the latter was president of the Allgemeine Elektricitäts Gesellschaft, a great commercial enterprise resembling our General Electric Company. These two experienced business men lost no time in coming to terms, and devised a plan whereby Germany might work out part of her money payments by providing German-made material for use in French reconstruction. This solution of the French reparation question has a more reasonable economic basis than any theretofore devised. France gets her reconstructive material much earlier than she originally expected, while Germany is relieved from finding a certain amount of cash and at the same time finds employment for her people.

To carry through this move endangered Briand's tenure of office, but he boldly faced the danger, and slowly French public opinion swung round to a realization of his patriotic sagacity. Not only did he thereby secure material to repair the ravaged provinces at earlier dates than originally set, but at the same time he protected France from the charge of militarism, which the continued occupation of Germany's industrial district of the Ruhr would certainly have aroused abroad. Loucheur, the Minister whom he employed so successfully in these delicate negotiations, personifies a new element which the war has brought into French politics. Many Parisians made profits in war contracts, and not a few of them are beginning for the first time to take part in politics. Just because they are not trained to the old rules of the game they are bringing into it new methods—more direct, forceful, and businesslike than were the old ones so long in vogue among the numerous professional politicians. This new force is tending to invigorate French public life, and Loucheur incarnates it to the full. It will be surprising if Loucheur does not become Prime Minister before many years have elapsed. Loucheur is sometimes disconcertingly practical in his departmental methods. One day, while inspecting some reconstruction work in the devastated regions of northern France, a glib-spoken superintendent started in to tell the Minister certain glittering generalities upon the work in hand. Loucheur suddenly interrupted his flow of oratory by asking the current price at that point of cement and brick. When the functionary proved unable to reply, Loucheur commented dryly upon his attack of forgetfulness, and soon thereafter the man found himself amputated from the Government pay-roll.

Another class of French society also gained large financial benefits from the war—the farmers. They have become of late a great force in French politics, thus far only defensively, in avoiding taxation, but later they will surely grow more aggressive. In the old days many, if not most, of them used to rent the land they tilled, but now the tenant-farmer has ceased to exist—they have all recently bought their farms. There were two million American soldiers in France, and it is estimated that, on an average, they spent a dollar a day apiece out of their own pockets; this makes $2,000,000 a day, and most of it went to the French farmers, to say nothing of the millions spent by our Government to supply rations to these very soldiers. The difference between the city profiteers and the farmers is that the former are few, while the latter represent a very large vote, which has the same results that it would have in any other republic, viz., those representing the large vote are not taxed! The needs of the French budget will doubtless bring about a correction of this state of affairs, when the farmer vote will have to pass from the defensive to the aggressive.

In America we are sometimes critical of our own governmental system because it gives a President complete executive power for four years, even though the people may in the meantime have tired of his policies and wish another party than his were in charge of affairs. On such occasions we sigh longingly for the European parliamentary system, where any day loss of confidence in the executive can be expressed by an adverse vote of the people's representatives assembled in Parliament, and out goes the governing head, to make room for another who can command an approving Parliamentary majority. The fact is that both systems have their defects as well as their advantages, for, while it is true that ours may keep in power a President or a party long after they have outstayed their welcome, so also is the foreign parliamentary system open to criticism because it permits such abrupt and sometimes frequent changes of executive as to block development of policies requiring time to bear fruit. M. Take Jonescu, the astute Rumanian Minister for Foreign Affairs, expressed to me the opinion that Europe would have to come to an approximation of the American system so as to allow more time for the working out of policies. He may be right. He has gained a great name as a prophet because in 1914 he published the prediction that America would come into the war on the side of the Allies, that our President would shape the terms of the peace, and that (but this remains to be seen!), the hegemony of the white race would pass to the United States. But to-day the fact is that in Europe, and especially in France, the legislative branch of government has usurped the powers of the executive. The real President of the French Government, from an American point of view, is not the French President at all, but the Prime Minister. And in its practical working out what is the result of this usurpation of the executive by the legislative? Suppose, for example, it should seem to French leaders of patriotic thought that it would be usefully expedient to sell to the United States the French possessions in the Caribbean Sea (their islands and also French Guiana), partly because that sale would materially reduce their war debt to us, but chiefly because of the friendly reaction sure to be produced in the United States by such French recognition of our widespread desire that the Caribbean Sea become Pan-Americanized and the mouth of both our Mississippi River and our Panama Canal be freed from European control of near-by islands or naval bases. Such a French policy, productive of both financial relief and useful improvement in Franco-American relations, would hardly be possible for a Prime Minister working under the present European system. Why? Because Briand or any other French leader

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would almost certainly be voted down in the Chambre des Députés should he propose such a measure, since its membership is not yet prepared to look so far ahead. All the Jingoes would denounce it—"Where the French tricolor flies it must remain!" etc.—you can picture to yourself the opportunity for fire-eating oratory such a suggestion would offer to any parliament! The real executive in France is the Prime Minister, but he would not dare attempt to put through any such novel measure of questionable popularity; our real executive is the President, and he has four years in which to educate and lead the people up to a policy unpopular at first but so inherently sound as mature deliberation would finally show France is the sale to us of its West Indian lands, at present showing large annual deficits. There is no better way to strengthen their hold upon the heart of so idealistic a people as those dwelling under the Stars and Stripes.

But what about the President of the French Republic? Might he not be able to undertake such a policy, so impossible to a Premier? The President is elected for seven years, and is therefore above and secure from the temporary disapproval of the Chambre des Députés. No American can say if the present incumbent of that high office, Alexandre Millerand, would favor such a forward-faced policy. But if he should come to approve it, could he exercise the political leadership necessary to carry it through the early days of its unpopularity until a campaign of patriotic education made it popular? And why not? For, although the political power of the French President is severely limited, still he always has the ear of the people, a most important fact in matters of statecraft, and peculiarly is this true of President Millerand. As Prime Minister and at the same time Minister for Foreign Affairs he exhibited such skill and discretion as to gain the complete confidence of his compatriots and universal respect abroad for his nation and himself. And when the unfortunate illness of President Deschanel necessitated his resignation, a trying episode most tactfully met by the French press and people, it was to Millerand that, in September, 1920, all turned as the natural successor to the retiring President.

I shall never forget the impression of solid worth and deliberation of purpose M. Millerand made upon me when, at his invitation, we talked together at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs a few days after the Republican Convention had been held at Chicago in June, 1920. Although his shaggy growth of white hair and bulkier form differed from the trim gray head and compacter build of George B. Cortelyou, the French statesman's calm, steady manner and poise of head were strangely like those of President McKinley's stenographer who became Secretary of the Treasury.

The interview reminded me greatly of one held with Cortelyou when he was serving as Republican National Chairman—the same brief but searching questions, showing wide information already possessed by the questioner, and the same logical development marking the inquiries. With both men the smile that occasionally humanized the questions came in the same gentle way. M. Millerand's favorite outdoor recreation is walking, while indoors he is devoted to billiards, but he plays the game rather badly. Almost everybody beats him, so one day a certain sagacious spirit suggested that it might be politic to select players poor enough to let the President win. "They don't exist," replied a familiar of the Presidential mansion. He is also very fond of dominoes, and at this game he is better than at billiards. One might venture to suggest that a French office-seeker would do as well to play dominoes with his President as Lord Lee of Fareham did to play "Chequers" with the British Prime Minister! The gift of that charming estate as a country home for the head of the Government was certainly a far-sighted courtesy. Yes, in Millerand the French unquestionably possess a politician-statesman able, when occasion arises, to lead them in a policy whose early unpopularity bars its adoption by a Prime Minister because French parliamentary methods necessitate practical opportunism in its manager. And why should such logical folk as the French endure complete atrophy of such potentially beneficial co-operation by their President in national statesmanship? Our Executive possesses this power for good, and, although French Prime Ministers dare not espouse unpopular policies of *longue haleine*, why is not that a field in which their Presidents may, without arousing conflict with the Parliamentary executive, develop a usefulness to the nation which now seems lacking?

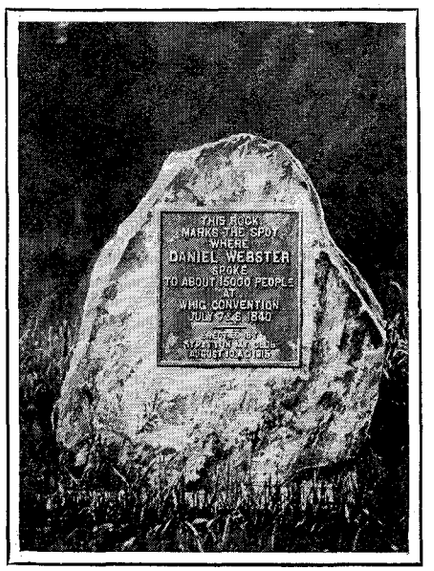
WHEN DANIEL WEBSTER SPOKE ON THE MOUNTAIN[1]

BY REBECCA MIDDLETON SAMSON

EIGHTY-ODD years ago, close beside the old stage road that from east to west crosses the mountains of southern Vermont, standing on almost the identical spot where to-day a handsome boulder memorial lifts its rough brown head, the great Daniel Webster made a great speech.

This speech, which marked an era in the history of Vermont, was on the occasion of a campaign for the election of William Henry Harrison for President, and to hear the famous orator deliver it drew together the largest and most enthusiastic gathering ever known in Vermont up to that time, and, indeed, for some years after the Civil War.

Vermont was Whig, and Harrison was the Whig candidate, with Martin Van Buren the Democratic. The Whigs, to insure the election of Harrison and to blazon their cause throughout the country, conceived the idea of having a mighty concourse assemble on the Green Mountains, with Webster as the orator of the occasion.



WEBSTER MARKER IN STRATTON FIELD, STRATTON, VERMONT

The spot chosen for this event was on the eastern foothills of the Green Mountain Range, about twenty-five hundred feet above the sea and within the shadow of the great Stratton Mountain, which stands out toward the east and is the highest and most imposing mountain in southern Vermont.

This locality was selected for various reasons. Some say because it was close to the highway that was a main thoroughfare connecting several States and over which many travelers and large four-horse stage-coaches passed daily. (Railways were unknown in 1840.)

Others contended because no place in southern Vermont was so accessible for people from both sides of the mountain. And others again say the question, over which was much heated discussion, was

[1] From material courteously supplied by Miss Ethel A. Eddy, President of the Stratton Mountain Club; the Honorable James K. Batchelder, of Arlington, Vermont; and the late Honorable D. K. Simonds, of Manchester, Vermont.

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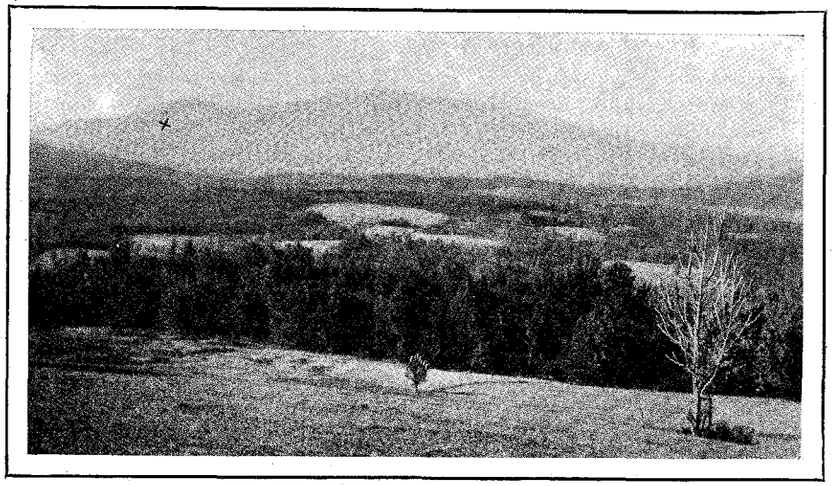

STRATTON MOUNTAIN, VERMONT—CROSS ON SLOPE MARKS SPOT WHERE WEBSTER SPOKE

settled by drawing on the map lines diagonally connecting the contesting towns and deciding upon the spot nearest to where the lines crossed.

This was on the slope of the mountain that lay under the shadow of Stratton.

The site was a magnificent one. Standing upon the ridge where Webster stood, the eye looks out, through an atmosphere of crystalline clearness, upon mile after mile of mountain range, undulating and unbroken, vistas folding, unfolding, refolding, of superbly tinted foothills from whose rugged base spreads the "great forest"—then, and still, the haunt of the bear, the deer, the panther, and, in earlier days, the wolf.

And arched above all, the proudly swelling dome of blue, cloud-bedappled Vermont sky, which for Vermonters has no fellow.

The Stratton Convention, as they called this political rally of the Vermont Whigs, with Daniel Webster for spokesman, was a brilliant success. It won the Vermont vote for Harrison, and ever after since 1856 the State has remained Republican.

Old inhabitants—those whose forebears lived on the land in proximity to Stratton—have glowing tales to tell of the day when the great Daniel Webster spoke on the mountain.

Never was such excitement and enthusiasm known in the history of Vermont. Some have it that the people came in numbers to the extent of 25,000. Others say that fully 50,000 were present. The number generally accepted, however, as within the bounds of fact, is about 15,000, which was an amazingly large gathering for the times, considering the locality and the methods of locomotion.

These people came from everywhere—southern Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, the Connecticut River, and beyond, on the east; from the Hudson, Lake Champlain, and beyond, on the west.

They came every way (whole families of them)—trudging on foot, jogging on horseback, in carts, buggies, farm-wagons, by stage-coach and emblazoned private conveyance. The old mountain highway for days was alive with the cavalcade that from sunrise to sunrise advanced up the steep slope in a steadily moving line.

Many came a week ahead of time and camped out in the open or under the trees, bringing tents and living accommodations for the purpose; for the affair was to last two or three days, being as well a mass convention which nominated Hiland Hall, of Bennington, for Congress.

Some even built themselves log cabins, in compliment to Harrison's "Log Cabin Campaign." It was called also the "Hard Cider Campaign" because so much hard cider was drawn and drunk. Those were the days when the land knew not Mr. Volstead nor his Act.

The men of Arlington, in an excess of enthusiasm, built a log cabin (diminutive, of course), hauling the hewn logs by ox-team from Arlington to Stratton, where they were fitted into place and the cabin used as a sort of buffet from which to serve the cider.

A campaign pin of that time shows in miniature a log cabin, a cider barrel, and the American eagle.

To ply the men with cider was part of the campaign programme, and tradition tells the story that when the cider grew scarce toward the end of the meeting on the day of the Webster speech the rule was made that no man should be admitted to the cabin for a drink unless he agreed to vote for Harrison.

This clever scheme doubtless obtained many votes, and may have helped considerably to tip the scale in Harrison's favor.

The Whig rallying cry was, "Tippecanoe and Tyler too!" and another popular slogan of the day was, "Keep the ball a-rolling!"

It was in commemoration of this latter that the men of Whitehall (fifty miles away) built a hollow ball of wood, ten feet in diameter, and drew it by horse from Whitehall to Stratton Field.

Newspapers and reporters in 1840 were neither so plentiful nor so alert as are those of these days, and no record, unfortunately, was kept of Mr. Webster's speech, which many living to-day remember that their fathers and grandfathers considered one of the most thrilling that ever flowed from the gifted orator's lips.

The Hon. James K. Batchelder, of Arlington, recalls a description he often heard his father give of the appearance of Mr. Webster as, bareheaded, he arose to speak to the vast throng seated on the ground, the fences, and even perched in the trees of the broad field of Stratton. How grand and imposing the great man looked as he stood for a little while with his magnificent eyes fixed in silent contemplation of the splendid view before him!

> The swelling upland where the side-long sun
> Aslant the wooded slope, at evening goes—
> Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,
> Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale.

How hushed and still were the people when he turned to them and slowly and deliberately began his great speech!

Few agree upon the opening words of that speech. The one or two persons to-day living who were present were too young at the time to remember anything, and hearsay accounts are too conflicting to be reliable.

Mr. Batchelder, as closely as he can recall, thinks he heard his father say Mr. Webster began with:

"When I see so many gathered here to-day from the banks of the Hudson, even to the Connecticut, I know there is something wrong in the affairs of the Government!"

Another reliable source claims that Mr. Webster's first words were:

"From above the clouds I address you!"

Whichever account is the true one, Mr. Webster, in the course of his address, probably made use of both expressions, as he certainly did of his famous message:

"Liberty and union, one and inseparable, now and forever!"

One absolutely authentic record, however, comes from the late Hon. D. K. Simonds, of Manchester, Vermont, whose father not only heard the great Daniel Webster make his speech, but saw the great man eat his dinner on a shingle.

It would be interesting to know what Daniel Webster had for his dinner on this occasion, but of this tradition tells us nothing.

The spot upon which Webster stood to deliver his speech, which in his time was an open field aflame with the brilliant painter's-brush, is to-day almost a forest, dense with more than half a century's growth of hemlock, fir, and spruce.

Among these stands a dead tamarack to whose crumbling yet still stately trunk is fastened a rough board bearing the words:

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"The only remaining tree that stood on these grounds in 1840."

The little log cabin dragged from Arlington and long buried in a tangle of forest undergrowth dropped to pieces over twenty years ago. Its replica stands as closely as possible in its original relation, on a ridge farther to the front, in the open.

In after years the grass in the field of Stratton grew lush and tall. The doorway of the cabin choked with weeds. Across the gaping windows spiders built their webs. Timid wild things nested in the rotting rafters. And the great mountain of Stratton in majestic loneliness brooded over all.

The old post-road, but a few feet beyond, was alive, as of yore, with the passing of pleasure-seekers and traffic. None turned aside. None thought. None cared. The Webster incident was forgotten.

Then the Stratton Mountain Club, under the leadership of Miss Ethel A. Eddy, its able and charming President, determined to rescue from oblivion the memory of the service that Daniel Webster had rendered their State.

Miss Eddy herself is a loyal Vermonter in whose veins flows the blood of the men and the women who had so well served their State and country.

She got to work. A movement was started. And on a day of typical Vermont loveliness, August 10, 1915, there was unveiled and dedicated in Stratton Field, with appropriate services, in the presence of nearly a thousand persons, a boulder marker with bronze tablet testifying that on that spot Daniel Webster once had spoken.

Great forest trees are growing on the place where Daniel Webster actually stood, so the site chosen for the marker is in a clearing to one side, in exact relation to the replica log cabin as to the original, facing south toward the highway, where all who pass may see.

The marker is a rude boulder of the common brown rock found on the premises. The tablet is of bronze, seventeen by eighteen inches, and on it in raised letters is the inscription:

THIS ROCK
MARKS THE SPOT
WHERE
DANIEL WEBSTER
SPOKE
TO ABOUT 15,000 PEOPLE
AT
WHIG CONVENTION
JULY 7 & 8, 1840
ERECTED BY
STRATTON MT. CLUB
AUGUST 10, A.D. 1915

A GREENHORN AT THE GATE

BY NATALIE DE BOGORY

THE ferry-boat left the Barge Office clumsily, and soon the line of New York sky-scrapers, each topped by a curling wisp of white smoke, dimmed in the haze that usually hangs over lower New York. I barely looked at this, one of the most striking views, for my thoughts were disturbed and the suit-case at my feet kept them concentrated on the coming adventure. At last I was going really to submerge myself in the world of the immigrant, get a chance to creep close to the heart of that pathetic and perpetual problem of American life.

The opportunity had come quite unexpectedly. In a factory in one of the large New Jersey towns several Slavonic immigrant girls had disappeared and were later found in New York in the hands of white-slavers. Public opinion was roused, accusations were flung against the factory for harboring men who prey on ignorant girls, investigations started up everywhere—soon an anti-vice crusade was on the way. Those must have been strenuous times for the underworld. Meanwhile a small group of less spectacular but more earnest people was quietly working to get to the bottom of the situation, and when their plans were completed I was invited to undertake the investigation.

"We want to know more about the life of our immigrants," said the representative of this group in offering me the task; "we want to know how those girls live and spend their time; we want to know what their needs are that we may better meet them. If there is organized white slavery, we will get rid of it. But we would like you to go to live among our Slavs to interpret them to us."

It was a crusade to me. I accepted with alacrity and my plans were soon complete. I decided to go through Ellis Island directly to some family in that New Jersey town. The address of a random family was obtained and discreetly looked up, to make certain that my existence would not be unnecessarily difficult. Knowing well the psychology of the immigrant, I knew that I could easily explain my sudden arrival among them—it would only be necessary to say that I had lost the address of a cousin in America and was deeply worried, and that I had met somebody—no need to know the name even—who had given me their address. Ellis Island is the immigrant's Inquisition and America the paradise, so all means are good to evade the cruel authorities. A lie is not a lie when told to an immigration inspector, and the natural indifference of the immigrant vanishes when the problem is to evade American immigration laws. I knew this and risked my entire investigation on this knowledge.

The New York sky-line was far behind; we were already approaching Ellis Island, with its solid mass of low red-brick buildings surrounded by green lawns. A dingy wooden ferry-boat stood close to the administrative building, crowded with kerchiefed women and fur-capped men, all laden with heavy bundles.

I would soon be among them. I remembered the old Russian revolutionists, who used to "go among the people" to preach their revolutionary ideas. I remembered the stories of the peasants' eternal suspicion, and again my mind was disturbed. True, my clothing was real. I had bought it from a Russian girl, just arrived from Ellis Island. With what delight she had given me her dress, coat, and shoes in exchange for the dollars that would buy her American clothes. The rest of my clothing I had bought on push-carts on the East Side, in the heart of the immigrant world.

I was soon in the office of the Commissioner, where a room was assigned to me to change my clothes. My own clothing was packed and taken back to New York.

Cotton stockings, a voluminous petticoat, then came the pathetic pale-green cotton dress with ruffles around the bottom that the little Russian girl had made herself for the glorious trip to America. Her shoes were good for either foot, but, as they were very big and the leather was soft, I was comfortable. A very heavy and thick padded coat of faded greenish-black material and a blue kerchief completed my costume. I tied a few extra worldly possessions in a cloth of red and black design. My money, together with the address of the family, written on a dirty scrap of paper, went into a large purse, and I was ready for my trip to another world.

One of the trusted inspectors had been detailed to slip me into the inexorable machinery of Ellis Island. He was knocking at the door.

"Ready?" he asked, coming in. "Spell me your name once more."

"Maria Baranova, from Russia," I answered.

"Maria Baranova," he repeated, memorizing the name. "Well, I'll say good-by to you here—and good luck to you."

We shook hands and I walked out of the door—an immigrant—a timid and ignorant girl with whom the inspector could not talk, being an American.

Within an hour I was already in the railway room, where immigrants buy tickets for points beyond New York. Polyglot inspectors speaking a curious jargon of Slavonic words directed me to the right ticket office. A telegram about

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my arrival was sent automatically to the family to which I was going. I pictured the excitement that wire would rouse—coming from Ellis Island and from a newcomer from the old country.

Just as automatically I was propelled to the restaurant room, and, as it was late afternoon, I bought a box of food that would serve me as dinner. Large signs in all languages announced the price of the food boxes and their contents. I wondered how many of the immigrants read those signs, and whether their most valuable effect was not on the American caterers, who might hesitate to overcharge in the face of such explicit information.

Benches and benches, crowded with immigrant families and lowly men and women like myself. Everybody was eating. Children lay around on the dirty bundles of baggage, nursing mothers baring themselves quite indifferently each time the baby cried; stolid, indifferent people chewing or wildly gesticulating; two men arguing about something, undoubtedly the trains, of which neither knew anything. And the smell—that curious pungent odor that is a combination of age-long filth and steerage and oranges; for everybody was eating oranges, and throwing the skins on the floor. The clean white tiled floor of the room looked like a garbage heap within half an hour after the arrival of the first group of immigrants; sausage rind, banana skins, tops of bottles—everything went on the floor. And together with that an utter indifference—an apparent inability to react to surrounding happenings, the stolidity of ignorance and perhaps timidity. In the midst of these peasants I felt more lonely than in a subway crowd, where there is a certain responsiveness, a smile, a courtesy; but here—the unconscious greed of the peasant who for centuries has battled for an extra bit of land. But when I thought of the terrible journey they had undertaken I did not wonder at their indifference—steerage is not calculated to breed genial manners.

Each of us had been tagged with a number, and from time to time an official would raise some number on a big placard, shouting in a jargon that all might understand that those bearing that number must come forward. What a commotion! Women, children, and bundles, half-eaten food boxes hastily closed, everybody comparing the number on their chests with the one shown. I realized the utter helplessness of these people, most of whom had never before left the confines of their villages, and I saw the need for that implacable machinery of Ellis Island. This was still in the days when peasants were coming to this country; not the sophisticated town folk and worldly wise soldiers who flock here at the present time.

It seemed hours before my number was shown, and, bereft of all initiative and will power, I was led to the ferry, which took us over to an immigrant waiting-room of the Pennsylvania station. More hours of waiting. I had some acquaintances by this time; but what could we talk about once the subject of the journey and of future plans had been exhausted?

THE AUTHOR IN GREENHORN GUISE

Finally we were herded out to the platform, where belated commuters looked at us curiously. I was given a seat opposite two Hungarians, young men with bristling black mustaches and fur caps stuck jauntily on the sides of their heads.

At our station, one of the large towns in New Jersey, the conductor saw to it that we got out safely. I marveled at the accuracy with which the machine worked. I had seen no slip in the system; it seemed perfect.

It was midnight, and the platform was deserted. Alone with the two Hungarians, I realized that I was at last free of the system, and I was helpless. There was nobody to meet me.

The two Hungarians held a consultation, and finally turned me over to a policeman. I decided to go through with my adventure; I had come to study the lot of the immigrant girl. This was a good beginning.

The policeman grasped me firmly by the arm and said:

"Address, address."

No possible misunderstanding. I showed him my dirty scrap of paper.

"H'm, Berry Street," he read. "Guess this is the best car," and, holding me firmly by the arm, he walked me into a side street and to a store, which was still open. It was a kosher butcher shop.

"Say, you," said my guardian, "this greenhorn's just got off the train, I guess. Talk to her and find out what it's about."

The old Jew did not need to be told I was a greenhorn. He started excitedly in voluble and bad Polish. I answered in slightly better Polish, for I do not speak it well; but I told my story, and as I told it it was translated to the interested policeman.

"She's from Russia—a dressmaker—had trouble with her family—ran away—has a cousin here," he poured out.

The story was told and retold. The old wife, wearing an ugly black wig, according to the custom of orthodox Jews, made me sit down, and between them they made me feel as though I was a long lost relative whom they had found.

A greenhorn. There is magic in that word. For were they not greenhorns too, many years ago?

The old woman touched my coat almost reverently.

"Straight from the old country," she said. There was a longing in the voice.

The policeman, however, was practical. He had been watching the car line, and it was time for me to go.

"When you're settled come around to see us," were the parting words of my new friends.

But I never saw them again, for I could never find the store and the kind people whose graciousness had helped me at a moment when my courage was at a very low ebb.

The policeman stopped the car and beckoned to the conductor.

"This girl's a greenhorn," he said, "just off the train. Got to get off at Berry Street. Now you see that she gets off and show her where her number is—it will be on that side."

"I'll take care of her," said the conductor, reassuringly.

The policeman turned sharply and walked away briskly. I had been unable to thank him.

The conductor approached me for the fare, of course. Even an immigrant would know that. I took out my purse and, true to my part, stretched it out open to him. There were gold pieces mixed up with silver money and nickels. He looked carefully at the collection and picked out a nickel.

"Close it," he said in a hurried whisper, making a closing motion with his hand. He looked uneasily at the only other passenger in the car.

I was so tired that I fell into a doze, from which I was wakened by the conductor. He stopped the car.

"Here's Berry Street," he said, though he knew that I could not understand it; "your number is down there," a wide wave of the arm, "good-night—down there," another wave.

He had helped me off the car, and now he jumped on again and, waving his arm down the street, disappeared in the darkness. Alone, and a dark, ill-lit street, well after midnight. I tried to read the numbers on the small houses lining both sides of the street, but it was too dark.

For the first time fatigue combined with my helplessness almost overcame me. Suppose those people should refuse

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to take me in. Where could I go in my costume? To the people in charge of my expedition? But that would be failure. And it was dark, and a cold wind blew, and there was nobody to ask.

I walked along dejectedly. Suddenly three boys turned the corner. I almost ran to them, and stretched out my address. I wanted to remain true to my character to the end.

"Gee-ee, a greenhorn," came the chorus, and they lined up before me. But they had understood my gesture, and, taking the paper, they led the way to a lamp-post. Not a remark, not a laugh at my clothing—and they were just three street urchins, prowling around after midnight!

"Looks like 269," was the verdict, and the three started off on a run to look for the house. I was left to follow at my will.

"Here it is," said one of the boys, and the other two rushed up and they piled pell-mell into the small front yard. But they had been serious too long, and it was in a spirit of mischief that they pulled the bell and raced off, without another look at me.

There was no turning back. Lights moved in the windows, women's voices could be heard talking, then steps. The door opened, and two women stood in the doorway, one of them holding a lamp.

"Here you are at last," said the older, genially, as though I was a welcome guest; "but where are they?"

"Who?" I asked.

"My husband and son-in-law. They went to the station to meet you when we received the wire. You must 've missed each other. Come in, you must be tired; come in."

And she led the way to her kitchen, where a fire was still burning. She put the lamp down, and then both women crowded on me.

For half an hour there was talk and general excitement. My flimsy story was accepted without a question. I was a greenhorn—that was sufficient. They offered me food, though my Ellis Island box was obviously barely touched. Soon the two men came, and it is difficult to describe their delight when they found me safely sitting in their kitchen. More explanations—my story was repeated for me. It was an hour before my past was settled, and then, with characteristic rapidity, they all started settling my future for me. It was decided I was to live with them until a better place could be found, and I was to work in the cigar factory, to which Anna could take me.

"And I'll take you to a big store tomorrow morning," said the mother of the family, "and we'll buy you some real clothes—American clothes. You know, you couldn't go about in these here." She said the last gently, not to hurt my feelings.

In their excitement they had not noticed my utter fatigue, but finally even this became too apparent.

"Well, if this isn't terrible of us, and you so tired!" suddenly burst from the older woman. "You'd better go to bed at once."

In half an hour I was asleep on a couch in the room with the two Koslowskis and their three children. Nobody undressed. But even that did not matter to me. I slept the sleep of utter exhaustion.

My white slave investigation? I did not find any organized traffic; there seldom is, but just foolish women and vicious men.

THE VALLEY OF THE LOWER RIO GRANDE

WHERE WATER IS MADE TO RUN UP-HILL

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

EDITOR OF "COMMERCE AND FINANCE"

THIS is a story of how a desert has been made to blossom like the rose by pumping water up-hill. In the southeast corner of Texas, right on the Rio Grande River, there is a tract of about five hundred thousand acres which now contains a population of about thirty thousand people and several thriving towns, of which Mission, Harlingen, and Brownsville are the most important.

This tract was a desert twenty years ago. The land was known to be rich, but nothing would grow there except cactus and mesquite because there was little or no rain. There was plenty of water in the river, but it could not be made available for irrigation by the usual method of building a dam, impounding it, and letting it run down-hill, because the Rio Grande is an international boundary over which both Mexico and the United States have jurisdiction, and an agreement that would permit of damming it for the benefit of the people on either side was a diplomatic impossibility. Then, too, the stream was navigable at least up to Brownsville, which was something of a river port in the days before our Civil War, and a dam might have made it too shallow for the stern-wheel steamers that used to navigate it before the railways were built.

And so the region seemed likely to remain a desert, until about ten years ago some engineer (I have not been able to ascertain his name) came along who asserted that it was possible to pump the water up out of the river into canals, through which it would flow by gravity to irrigate the fields at a cost that would not be prohibitive.

Strange to say, capital enough to try the experiment was found. It proved successful. More pumps were installed and more canals were built, and now the region reminds one of Holland, being traversed by about two hundred and fifty miles of main-line canals that are big enough to accommodate good-sized motor boats. The water in these canals has been lifted from twenty-eight to eighty-four feet, and from them it flows through about twenty-five hundred miles of smaller canals to irrigate what some one has called "the kitchen garden of the Southwest" but is better known as the "Valley of the Lower Rio Grande."

When I was in Texas last May, I was persuaded to pay a brief visit to this section, of which little is known in the North and West, and because the results achieved are so remarkable and the problems solved appear to have been so difficult I have been moved to write this brief description of what I saw.

The peculiarity of the project, as already stated, is that the water is thrice lifted by great centrifugal pumps to three successive plateaus, or "benches," as they are called. Through each of these plateaus a network of canals runs, and by this method at least a part of the water taken from the river is made to do double or triple duty. There may be other irrigation developments where this plan is followed. I do not know of them.

A crude idea of the scheme may be had from the diagram printed on the following page.

But this diagram will not enable the reader to form a conception of the engineering detail involved in carrying out the plan. Every five-foot contour in each plateau had to be plotted out so that the canals would always run down-hill from the point at which the water was pumped into them, which had to be the highest elevation in the level served.

This made it necessary to run the canals by very tortuous routes, and in one of the most effectively developed tracts in the region, which contains about 30,000 acres, there are 30 miles of main-line canals which connect with 300 miles of branch line sub-canals, and through this 30,000 acres there run, in addition, 205 miles of well-built roads under which the canals are carried by inverted siphons. These roads are necessary not only for the service and

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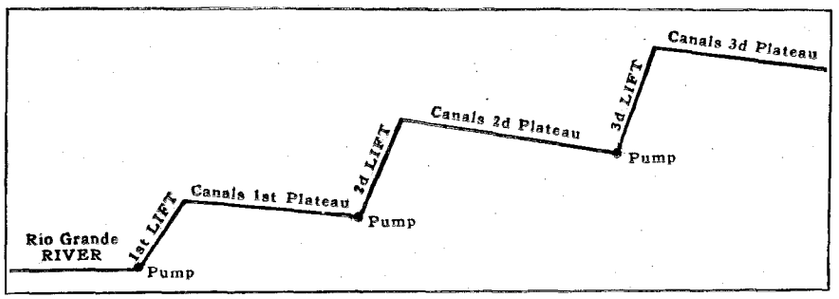

upkeep of the canals, but that the farms, which rarely contain more than ten or twenty acres, may be accessible to those who own and work them.

But the engineering difficulties were not the only obstacles that had to be overcome. After the canals were built and the water was available people had to be brought into the country and persuaded to buy and develop the land.

If those who live in the great cities of the North and East and are accustomed to the comforts and conveniences of urban life will ask themselves whether they could be induced to go to South Texas and develop an undeveloped farm, they will realize the boldness of the capitalists who have put millions into building canals in the Rio Grande Valley upon the theory that the land could be sold when irrigation was provided. It is the apparent hazard of such a venture that has made State or Federal aid necessary in the development of most irrigation projects.

For this reason great credit is due John H. Shary, a Nebraskan, to whom probably more than any one else the success of this "up-hill" undertaking is due. As a salesman traveling through Texas in his youth he had the vision to see the possibilities of the country, and, starting in a small way, he became a successful colonizer, gradually building up an organization which operated its own sleeping and dining cars and brought train-loads of people to the South from the Northern and Western States, and even from Canada. It is in this way that a very large portion of agricultural Texas and Oklahoma has been settled.

To those who live in the older and more permanently settled sections of the country a brief description of the method followed may be interesting. The "home-seekers," as they are called, are assembled at certain cities by advertising and correspondence. The hope that they may see an opportunity to better themselves and the American willingness to "take a trip" at reduced rates explains their readiness to make the journey.

They travel in special trains, become acquainted with each other, and a feeling of communal interest springs up that has sometimes, so I am told, led the entire train-load to settle in one locality. The spirit that led the earlier pioneers of the 40's and 50's to cross the continent in prairie schooners and face the peril of an attack by Indians is the one by which the Pullman pioneers of to-day are inspired, although they travel in greater comfort and have fewer hardships to face. It is a spirit of which we should be proud and for which we should be thankful, for without it the West and South and the Pacific coast would still be unpeopled.

It was in work of this kind that Mr. Shary had been successfully engaged when, about seven years ago, his attention was drawn to the Rio Grande Valley, and he determined not only to bring people there but to stay there himself. He formed a company, which has already spent $1,500,000 in the construction of pumps, canals, and roads, and is now preparing to spend $1,900,000 more. Much of this will represent the cost of lining the canals with concrete, so that they will not be choked by the vegetation that grows so rapidly and rankly along their banks. He has built for himself a spacious home which fronts on a large artificial lake that is filled with water pumped up from the river, and he has brought thousands of settlers into the Valley. Mission, Texas, which is the town nearest his estate of Sharyland, is a very attractive place of about twenty-five hundred people, and the many charming homes in and around it are occupied by an unusually cosmopolitan community.

In fact, nearly every one in "the Valley" is from "some other place." Many of them are from the Northwest, and not a few have come from Canada, where the winters are long. One of the most successful and contented farmers that I met had moved to Texas from Saskatchewan, and out of fourteen persons besides myself at a dinner at which I was a guest three were from Nebraska, two from Missouri, two from Indiana, and one each from Ohio, Mississippi, Kentucky, and California, while only three were born in Texas.

It is a region of small farms, for under irrigation in a land of perpetual summer it is practicable to produce two crops a year, and I was told that it was no uncommon experience for a farmer to realize as much as $1,200 an acre for his tomato or melon crop and then plant broom corn or sweet corn or clover on the same acre and harvest a generous yield within the year. Because intensive cultivation and two crops are necessary in order to justify the prices at which the land is selling to defray the cost of irrigation, the companies that have furnished the capital required for the development are opposed to the sale of large tracts, and the thrifty farmers who have been brought in told me that it was possible to make a comfortable living on as little as five acres if they were planted in early vegetables in winter and staple crops after the vegetables were gathered.

Among the crops that I saw growing or being harvested I recollect tomatoes, cucumbers, string beans and every other sort of beans, lettuce, cabbage, onions, potatoes, asparagus, eggplant, peppers, celery, carrots, turnips, pumpkins, spinach, parsnips, parsley, okra, sorghum, beets, green corn, Kaffir corn, broom corn, watermelons, honeydew melons, cantaloups, cotton, wheat, oats, clover, "Rhodes grass" brought from Rhodesia, Africa, all sorts of hay, peaches, grapes, strawberries, figs, dates, bananas, pecans, oranges, lemons, limes, pomegranates, and flowers of every sort. I have forgotten others, for the variety and profusion of the crops are extraordinary. The region reminds one of the Valley of the Nile, and I should think that the Egyptian and "Parique" tobacco, so much in demand at present, would do well there, although I could not find that their cultivation has been attempted.

It is, however, the citrus fruits—grapefruit, oranges, limes, and lemons—that are the most profitable at present and from which the farmers hope to get the largest returns in the future. It is claimed that "Valley" grapefruit and oranges are the most delicious in the world, and, judging from the evidence of my own palate, the claim is justified. I was shown one tree from which the owner said he had gathered in a single season grapefruit that he sold for $122. Most of the citrus orchards now in bearing are comparatively young, but many new trees are being set out and the production will be rapidly increased.

Most Northerners who have never been there think that Texas is unbearably hot in summer, but this is not true of the State as a whole, and it is particularly untrue of those portions of Texas which, like the Valley of the Lower Rio Grande, lie along the Gulf of Mexico and are refreshed by the "Gulf breeze," which invariably starts about sunset and blows all night. In the daytime the sun is hot, but the air is dry and there is no humidity. I have been in nearly every part of Texas in July and August, and have never felt the heat there as I have in New York, and even in Boston.

In the winter the climate is delightful, and there are many places along the Gulf coast that would no doubt rival the winter resorts in Florida if they were as accessible.

They are not, however, so far off. It takes but fifty-four hours to go from New York to San Antonio, and the trip is, in my judgment, well worth the time to those who are unacquainted with Texas, which, as its inhabitants assert, "occupies all the continent of North America except the small part set aside for the United States, Canada, and Mexico."

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THE NORTHWEST CORNER

BY WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON

I WISH that Nate had let me grow
Some roses there!
I would have pulled the phlox, but, oh,
I did not dare!

His mother planted of that phlox;
So stiff and tall
And friendlessly it grew, nor leaned
Against the wall.

For forty years I longed to have,
Amid the fret,
Some roses in the garden just
To help forget.

I wish that Nate had let me grow
Some roses there!
I would have pulled the phlox, but, oh,
I did not dare!

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

IF we could ever pop open quickly enough the closet door that hides our secret self, most of us would find ourselves eavesdropping upon bubbling chatter. The abrupt intrusion would reveal even the most silent man talking volubly to himself? By no means to himself, but always to some invisible auditor. Always keep an eye on the person with whom you chat when you are all alone, for in your life he, she, is a very potent person; keep another eye on whichever of your many selves speaks to him, to her, for that self is the self you most enjoy being. In imaginary conversation you always put your best foot foremost, not necessarily the foot that you soberly adjudge best, but the foot that you like best.

A great many people would always like to know it when they are falling in love, so that they may decide whether to stop or to continue. There is a simple test for finding out. The first symptom is the tendency to confide in the absent one. It is always high time to take notice when a man discovers himself talking to a woman when she isn't there, explaining, informing, protesting, to her unseen ear, especially if he finds himself rattling away in silence to an ear he has actually seen but once. Yet a good many men would thank goodness if they knew that there was only one ear into which they thus poured themselves in secret. It disconcerts them to realize how many women they address in solitude, trundling forth one sympathetic automaton after another with alarming impartiality. Which of his charming invisible harem shall a man dare to put to the test of actual matrimony? Of the six or so of flesh-and-blood ladies whom he honors with his unspoken confidences, he hesitates, chivalric though polygamous, to submit any one of these to the ignominy of five rivals. He need not worry. If all six, being real women, are equally seductive as invisible confidantes, then he may choose any one of them with safety, for within six months she will have absorbed all the others into her own person. The only rival a man need ever be afraid to let his wife have is that one and only woman to whom he has always talked, but who has never existed!

A woman in process of attachment never has this need to choose among many invisible playmates. Women never have more than one man they speak to in silence—that is, not more than one man at a time. There is grave question whether any woman deeply in love with a man ever discourses to him in fancy, for she is too much afraid of him and of love to speak out her secret soul to him even in secret. Yet there was Laura Valentine, whose charming acquaintance I have just made. If ever woman loved a man, Laura loved Justin, but from her earliest little-girl admiration for a big boy she chattered away—with significant results.

"It was curious to catch her unawares, to see her trotting down a garden path, obviously absorbed in a discussion that required words and laughter and expressive hands, and little quick, questioning upward glances, while she endeavored to keep step with the big stride of an Invisible. . . . She was quaintly accustomed, in the first half-hour of reunion, to a sensation of depression, to be chilled, startled, into faint, disloyal protest: 'But—this isn't Justin! I forgot he was like this.' And then she would round indignantly upon herself—'Anyhow, I like him this way.'"

By no means all of us, however, are as stanch as Laura in readjusting when we discover how much less responsive the actual auditor is than the fancied one. Probably the habit of imaginary conversation before marriage has occasioned more divorces than any other one cause. How on earth is a woman to know what manner of creature her husband's astral intercourse with her has led him to expect? How on earth is a man to know what sort of air-drawn lover his wife called by his name before she took it? Why can we never quite forgive people for not rewarding us openly for that which we said to them mutely? The real trouble with imaginary conversation is that we always do all the talking, but we never do any listening.

Most of us exercise more imagination than we ever acknowledge. Few of us would dare to come into the open and let any one know what we babble about in secret or to whose ear we babble it. Often we select most unlikely confidants, some one whom we know so slightly that we may indulge our dearest pose with impunity, secure that he will never put our sincerity nor we his sympathy to the stern testing of everyday intercourse. Many a man and woman would be astounded to discover themselves the favored receptacles of some other man or woman whom they hardly know at all. The instinct to imaginary conversation comes upon some of us as early as the cradle. We have all at some time spied on children who chattered to unseen companions and trod fairy measures with invisible partners. Some of us have ourselves been such children. If so, we know what happens to our antics later on, for we have never really abandoned the joy of secret discourse, we have merely concealed it. The child or the grown-up who sings and prattles and dances when alone rarely sings and dances and prattles in company. Reason: He does not really like the company life makes for him as well as the company he makes for himself. The wee toddler, fancy-fed, is also asserting another prerogative of solitude: With the playmates he conjures up for himself he can be the self he wants to be, whereas flesh-and-blood Dolly Dimples and Buster Browns have an offensive habit of shoving him into corners and beating him in games and shouting him down when he addresses them. As the imaginative child grows older, he mingles more with his fellows, as the best means of disarming their suspicion of his private pastimes, but more and more he depends for real friendship on those comrades whom he buttonholes so volubly within the safe precincts of his own soul. But just here

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he begins to make a big mistake. Those misty playmates of his toddlerhood he always recognized clearly for what they were, he knew he manufactured them for himself out of the air. Being made to his own measure, they could never disappoint him. But the growing boy and girl court betrayal, for they give to their air-made confidants the names and the shapes of the rough-and-tumble urchins of the playground or of the fluttering misses of the dancing school. It is always hard to forgive our friends, who in secret have sat on their pedestals in perfect receptivity, when afterward, in reality, they jump down and deafen and batter us with the impact of their actual characters. Devil a bit of receptivity about these! In one minute of actual intercourse every man's perfect listener has him by the throat and is making *him* do the listening. But there is another result of outpourings secretly indulged, a result more unpardonable—actual people have a way not merely of jumping from the pedestals where we have placed them, but of knocking us off the pedestals where we have placed ourselves!

If ever those blessed barriers that protect us from each other's insight were suddenly cast down, what a scuttling to cover we should all exhibit! But nothing would embarrass us more than to have people discover what we talk about in private and to whom. Imaginary conversation, unexpectedly overheard, would yield amazing revelations, pathetic, tragic, comic. By no means would the unseen auditor always be some person who charms us, for sometimes he is a person who terrifies us. Some of us go through life constantly propitiating in frightened unspoken words some aggressive relative or masterful acquaintance who controls our real existence. There are chidlren who all their lives go cuddling to a dead mother's sympathy. There are sinners whose deepest punishment is that they must be always excusing and explaining their weakness to some unwitting loved one whom destiny has ordained to be a brother's conscience. But usually imaginary conversation has no sorrowful alloy. The reason we enjoy it is that the purest fun in life is to talk to some one who understands. Most of us know that our muted garrulity is only a game, yet the happiest thing in the world is that the game and the reality are sometimes permitted to merge. In a perfect friendship we rattle away to the absent, only to rattle even more gayly to the same friend when he is present. The most gracious discovery on earth is to find that the person to whom you talk most freely in your heart is also the person who in his heart talks most freely to you.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE BUSH LEAGUE GREELEY

BY JOHN F. THORNTON, JR.

IN the United States there are about 10,000 centers of population each of which boasts one or more newspapers. Foremost of course are the "big league" daily newspapers, numbering about 2,100 and with a combined circulation of 30,000,000. Then come the country papers—the "bush leaguers"—weeklies in most cases and numbering about 15,000. A combination of forces has uncovered in this latter field unusual opportunities for original journalism.

Newspapers in general have in recent years been forced to a survival-of-the-fittest basis. The high cost of print paper has caused many suspensions and consolidations among the big city dailies. And it has added to the heavy burden already carried by the average small-town newspaper owner. For the income from his sheet seldom enables him to do much more than "break even." Oftentimes he is forced to eke out an uncertain existence with his job press. He cannot afford to pay writers or to set much type. The greater part of his "filler" is in the form of "boiler plate," or he is even compelled to use the "patent inside." At the present time some 5,000 country newspapers are issued on sheets supplied by syndicates, already printed, with the outside pages left blank to receive whatever local news the editor can manage to scrape together and put into type.

These two institutions—"boiler plate" and the "patent inside"—have had much to do with the general decline of country journalism. Due very largely to their influence, the average of editorial ability on these country papers is very low—much lower than it was a generation ago. And, since the editor is oftentimes the owner also, managerial ability is at a correspondingly low pitch. Many of the big city dailies have found it a very simple matter to reach out and invade the domains of these poorly edited, inefficiently managed local papers.

But the big city daily, with its special weekly section for the country reader, is entirely out of its element in reporting small-town affairs. Country journalism is not an extra edition of city journalism. Scattered throughout our rural districts are hundreds of valuable newspaper properties, built up by young men from the cities. These papers are close to the soil and intensely local, and they wield a large influence in the lives of their communities. There are hundreds of towns of from 3,000 to 20,000 population that offer an open field for the overworked and anonymous editorial slave of the large city who still has left in him a spark of vision.

The newspaper man from the city would do well to enter this field equipped with a practical knowledge of advertising. For it is on this point that the average small-town journalist falls down. All about him the community is passing through various stages of economic development, but he is taking no steps to spread the gospel of advertising. The local bank, garage, and movie palace, the numerous small establishments and one-man businesses that are taking root—all are experiencing competition in the quickening life of our smaller places. Unless the newspaper man has kept abreast of developments in merchandising methods he does not realize to what extent the large wholesalers are furnishing their small-town dealers with electros and urging them to "tie up" to their National advertising with local newspaper copy. Even the farmers of the outlying districts are interested in the intensive cultivation of the local market, and are potential space buyers. I have come across many small-town newspaper owners who clear from $50 to $185 weekly on this class of advertising alone. And I have examined dozens of country sheets that carry National advertising. The seasoned National advertiser is just beginning to realize the latent power of the newspaper. And advertising men assert that the time is approaching when the influential country paper will have its place in the campaign of every National distributer interested in the concentration of his selling strength in the rural districts.

Many of these progressive country papers carry a surprisingly large amount of original matter. This is due to the mobilization of country life forces—the same forces that are increasing the advertising revenues of these papers. Rural districts are being drawn together into solidly cohesive communities. Business is quickening. Social life is becoming more complex. Political activity is increasing. In short, news is being created.

The old-fashioned "ready-print" editor has allowed his news reporting to follow a rut. So far as one phase of it is concerned he is highly successful. Like the metropolitan editor, he knows that the best news is that concerning a struggle of opposing interests, and his paper covers the community's social rivalries and political conflicts. He knows that it is the women who do the shopping and who are expected to respond to advertisements in his columns. And so every little hamlet and crossroads settlement within his territory has its stick of chit-chat of the week.

But in hundreds of communities the editor is allowing live news to go unreported. I talked not long ago with one young small-town newspaper proprietor

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who has made a success of a run-down sheet which he acquired four years ago. He picked up from his desk two news items that had come in to him from two of his rural correspondents.

"Here is the report of a village wedding," he said. "It will be read by every one who attended, even though they know all about everything that is reported. Back in the city, I remember, I used to wonder why it is that fans who have seen a game snatch up and read the baseball extras even more eagerly than those fans who have not seen the game. I have never learned the answer, but, whatever it is, this wedding item is news, and it goes in.

"Now here is another item of two lines. It tells what Farmer Moore's wife made last year on her parcel-post shipment of preserved strawberries to the city. That item interests about three thousand other farmers' wives, and so its news value is about one hundred times that of the other item."

When he took over his paper, this young man made an intelligent charting of his territory's agricultural features and activities. This opened up to him scores of new news channels. He was forced to drop the sorry attempts initiated by his predecessor at reporting foreign news received over a leased wire from a distant city. He leaves this to the city dailies that are thrown off the fast express trains. His news policy is one of intensive reporting of strictly rural affairs, and he prints column after column of strictly *professional* news. His correspondents at the county experimental farm and in the county's agricultural societies and co-operative associations pour in to him a steady stream of business information of interest to his farmer readers. He thinks nothing of jumping fifty miles to secure an interview with a farmer who has something "live" to say on the practical aspects of some dry-as-dust report issued by the State Agricultural Department. It is constructive news and intensely practical news—and strictly up to the minute. For its readers have a very modern attitude toward their business. When Farmer Whiffletree takes his weekly from the R. F. D. box, he is very likely to turn first to the market report for the latest quotations on products in which he is interested, just as his city cousin turns first to the stock quotations.

It must not be inferred, however, that this small-town and rural news is easy to obtain. The most difficult task of a country editor is to create and maintain at a high standard his chain of correspondents. These correspondents are, in most cases, such individuals as doctors, county agents, justices of the peace, school-teachers, and lodge secretaries, who are in a position to gather news and who are satisfied to do it in return for free stationery and free subscriptions. The wrong kind of a correspondent has time and again lost for his editor the support of an entire hamlet or village. The metropolitan editor is deluged with printed, typewritten, and multigraphed sheets prepared by somebody who wants to convince somebody of something. He is familiar with the industry, ingenuity, and persistence of the press agent and the publicity man obliquely pushing forward any one of a million social, business, political, or dynastic ambitions. And your country editor has an equally difficult task in the editing of his news columns. The entire negative side of his job is to keep some crossroads correspondent from satisfying a personal grudge, or to curb the efforts of some over-zealous back-country reporter to wax editorial on a sore subject of local importance.

Controlled publicity, with all its confusing half truths and skillful implications and innuendoes! It is the great abrasive of the blue pencil. But there is another form of publicity—uncontrolled. It is the news itself.

When Defoe, the father of the modern newspaper, founded his "Review," he had the twentieth-century editor's sensibility of the value to a popular journal of the element of scandal. But he realized its place in the scheme of things. He covered it in a distinctly captioned section of his paper. "Mercure Scandale; or, Advice from the Scandalous Club, being a weekly history of Nonsense, Impertinence, Vice, and Debauchery," covered current scandals, the club being represented as a tribunal before which offenders were haled.

A cynical observer might remark that this very entertaining section has been allowed to run all over the modern news journal. And an apt reflection it would be on the world set before us by many of our morning and evening papers. But a more balanced presentation of the news is discernible in the better class of city newspapers. There is much more of sanity and optimism than there was five years ago. For there are many new ideas on the great question of "What the public wants." And the astute editor realizes that the health of mind of the public is bound up very intimately with his news columns.

The country editor likewise has a public service to perform in the administration of his news columns. Many publicists have remarked the revolutionary effect on country life of rural free delivery, the telephone, the automobile, and better roads. These innovations, they claim, are bridging the isolation of country life, and will eventually check the drift of farm people to the cities.

These are rather shallow reflections on human nature. The truth of the matter is that, while these various instrumentalities bring farmers closer together, they also carry them into more intimate contact with city life. The National magazine, delivered at the farmer's door, provides him with a world view. True, this destroys his provincialism and makes him a broader thinker. But after a hard day in the fields he is very likely to fall a victim to the lure of the flowing oil fields, the clanging factories, and the hundred and one attractions of the world set forth in the magazine's pages. He can telephone, to be sure, but what is he to talk about? Certainly, in a great many cases, nothing of interest in his own little community. He can jump into his automobile and speed along excellent highways—whither? Not deeper into the country. But, with the instincts of a social creature, to the centers of population. Everything that assails his consciousness is pointed cityward. On Sundays he listens to a preacher whose ears are strained for a city call. His children are educated in schools whose courses are fitting them for every type of career but that of agriculturist and home builder. Everywhere is the uncontrolled publicity of life in the city, where work is easy and pleasures many and varied.

Attempts to make the country more like the city only enhance for the countryman the city's air of attractiveness. The countryman is entitled to the city man's conveniences and comforts, and there is a wide field for militant journalism in pushing public improvements in our rural districts. But the only solution of the social problem that exists there lies in the development of a distinct rural civilization. The countryman's attention must be directed toward the beauties of animal and vegetable nature. He must be made to see the interest inherent in the science of agriculture. He must be made to experience the pleasures of country life—pleasures that are not possible to the city dweller. The local paper should be the moving spirit in the development of this rural civilization. It writes the history of the community in which the farmer labors and aspires and loves. Its pages are intimate with the record of his joys and his sorrows, his victories and his defeats. From its columns he gathers, in his leisure moments, the impressions from which, in large measure, he molds his civic responsibilities and shapes his conception of rural life.

The great opportunity of the country editor lies in his news columns. It does not call for deliberate repression or coloring of the news. It demands only a truer reflection of the spirit of country life. I have found it faithfully mirrored in the columns of many rural papers. It is undefinable, like so many other things of beauty in the world. I am not a poet, and I cannot give it just expression. But it has in it the memory of sturdy pioneers who built their houses and their barns for posterity. It is charged with the spirit of a permanent people on whose acres there is no price. It breathes the reverence of a class deeply receptive of the things of the spirit—whose daily labors with plant and animal and soil and sun and rain bring to it illustrations and reminders of the eternal verities. And, lastly, it has in it the warmth and cheer of people who are "folksy." The city dweller knows it not. Surrounded by thousands, he has still to know the kinship of friends who want to "neighbor" with him.

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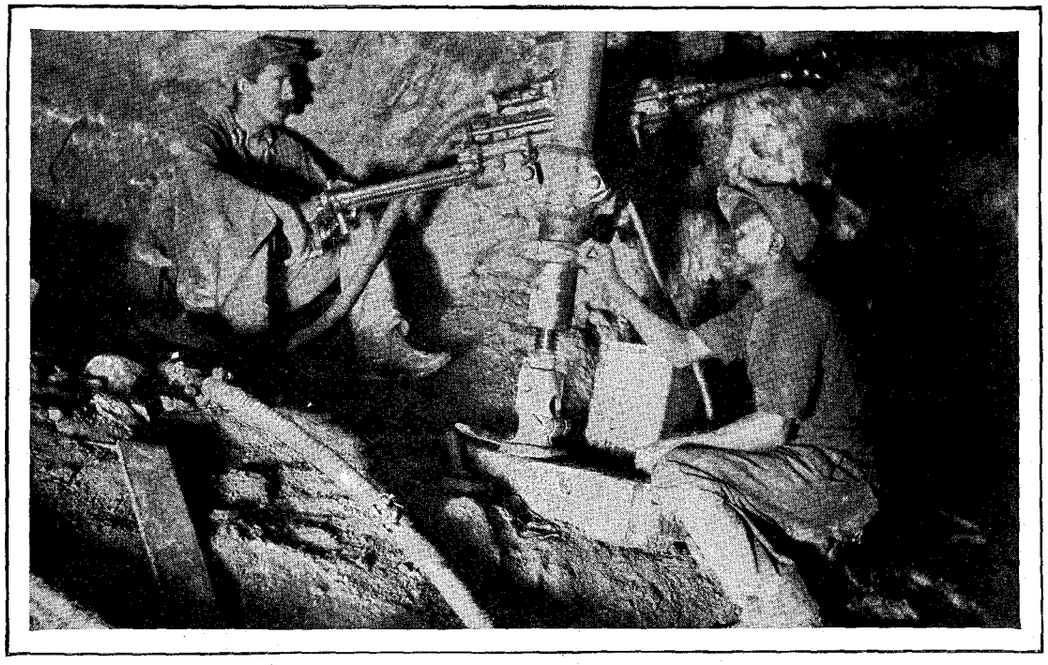
DOWN IN AN AFRICAN GOLD MINE

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



THE MINER AND HIS KAFFIR HELPER SPEND EIGHT HOURS EVERY DAY DRILLING IN THIS POCKET 5,000 FEET, OR NEARLY A MILE, UNDERGROUND, IN A WITWATERSRAND GOLD MINE

THIS IS A SCENE 3,000 FEET UNDERGROUND IN A WITWATERSRAND GOLD MINE. THE NATIVES AT THE RIGHT ARE WAITING FOR THE "ONSETTER" TO SEND THEM UP TO THE SURFACE AFTER A DAY'S WORK

From Mrs. L. M. Arrowsmith, Brooklyn, New York

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THE BOOK TABLE

THE EARLIER E. A. R.[1]

SOME MEMORIES OF A POET IN THE MAKING

BY FULLERTON WALDO

I

WHEN Edwin Arlington Robinson visited Harvard in 1897–8, there were several of us among the undergraduates from whom his fine, rare quality was not hidden by the mask of silent shyness that he wore.

I have no desire, now that Robinson is Robinson, to join the "I-knew-him-when" Club, and lay claim to undergraduate prescience of his renown today; but a random note or two of reminiscence, of the years at and soon after Harvard, might find their place among the marginalia of an adequate biography.

The first that I heard of Robinson was from my classmates H. H. Richards and J. S. Barstow, now masters at Groton, who showed me a little bibelot bound in heavy blue paper, called "The Torrent and the Night Before," which is now—as my friend A. Edward Newton knows—among the rarest poetic Americana. At that time Robinson was giving it away, as the surest means of getting it in circulation. Robinson, Richards, and Barstow came from Gardiner, Maine, where they were affectionate disciples of Richards's mother, "Aunt Laura" E. Richards, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, and the author herself of the delicious books for children that have sold by their hundreds of thousands. Robinson's "Isaac and Archibald" is dedicated to her. She had a wonderful club that consisted chiefly of herself and them, and its agenda comprised stories told by herself with dimpling chuckles and a radioactive wit that kept the membership in thrall till she had to chase them from the altar-pulpit of her easy chair and go to the inexorable writing-desk to satisfy the clamor of Boston publishers and the great host of children who couldn't come and sit round her and listen, like the enviable "Jimmy" and "Hal" and Robinson.

Another who went to Harvard from Gardiner was John Hays Gardiner, whose forebears planted the town that bore their name, and whose teaching of the Bible at Harvard preceded the recent wholesome requisition of the Bible and Shakespeare as part of the intellectual equipment for every member of what the Peking savant called "that great athletic club at Cambridge where on rainy days the students read books." To the memory of Gardiner, Robinson has dedicated one of his volumes of poems—"Captain Craig." Still another Harvard crony of Robinson's was my English teacher, William Vaughan Moody, who wrote "The Great Divide." More of him presently.

Before I met Robinson, every now and then Barstow would throw my way a line of poetry that hit my fancy between the eyes. Barstow declaimed:

Wake to a thrilled invisible advance,

and I asked, "Who said that?"

Barstow answered, "Robinson."

Barstow said something about "Eyes like little dollars in the dark." When I asked, "Where did you get that?" the response was, "Robinson."

Or he quoted me the "poor old astronomers" who "totter off to bed and go to sleep to dream of untriangulated stars." The first time I heard that (my father was an astronomer) I was horribly excited. "Untriangulated" seemed as clear a stroke of genius from the blue as Shelley's "unpremeditated" in "The Skylark."

"Who did that?" I inquired from the midst of a plate of succotash at the Foxcroft Club. The inevitable answer came, "Robinson."

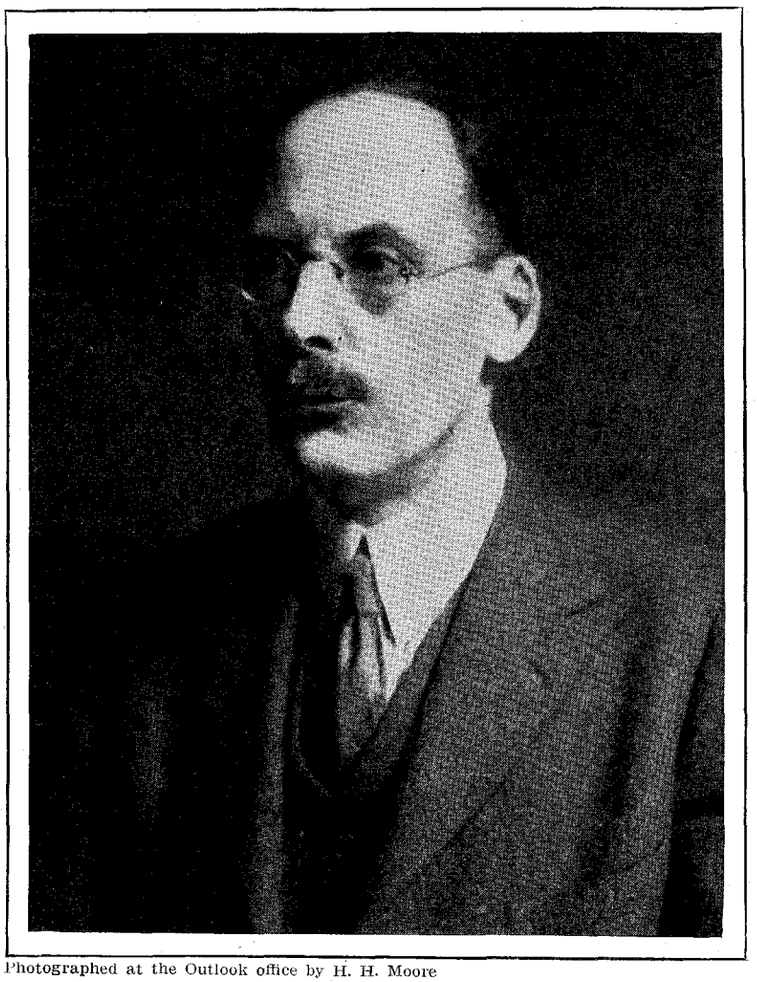
"By the still crash of salvatory steel," was another Robinson line that was magic in my ears before I had a book of him. And the whole of that great little poem "Richard Cory" is still, to my thinking, the poet at his highest level.

"The Children of the Night" had been printed in 1897. There were 550 copies. My presentation copy bears, in Robinson's microscopic black ink, the date "Yonkers, Dec. 21, 1900." Three years had not exhausted the edition. In that little volume are the lines:

The devil only knows what I have done
But here I am, and here are six or eight
Good friends, who most ingenuously prate
About my songs to such and such a one.

They were doing it at Harvard in 1897.

He never was seen in any spot where the blatant and the unperceptive ones consorted. I know not if he had what Weir Mitchell would have called agoraphobia, but he had, at any rate, the temperament of Il Penseroso. He had a passion for seclusion. He felt for him-



Photographed at the Outlook office by H. H. Moore

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

[1] An article on Edwin Arlington Robinson is always a timely event in the literary world. This article by Mr. Waldo finds an added timeliness in the fact that Mr. Robinson's collected poems have just been published by Macmillan. The readers of The Outlook long have been familiar with its deep admiration for Mr. Robinson's work. There is perhaps no need of repeating the reasons for that admiration here.—THE EDITORS.

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self all that is said in any of his poems as to reticence and reserve, the unprofaned sanctities of the innermost recesses of being.

Finally my fiddle found him where he lived. It is an ancient Storioni viola, of the vintage of 1770, a supreme specimen of the master who stood at the end of the greatest period of Cremona fiddle-making. One day there came a tapping at my chamber door—41 Thayer—and Robinson's hesitant head and penetrant dark eyes behind their glasses poked in. In his hand he had one of those "words and music" librettos which they sell in the lobby at the opera. It was Balfe's "Bohemian Girl." "Will you play these to me?" he asked, with a fascinating smile that came and went with a spot of color in each cheek.

There were three things he wanted: "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls," "The heart bowed down," "When other lips and other hearts." These I played over and over. He never grew tired of them. Often after that he came, and I tried to play them as if they were forever fresh and new. By way of diversion I put in bits of Bach—the air from the Suite in D, commonly called the Air on the G String, and movements from the six 'cello suites, transposed. In one of his poems he speaks of a fiddler who played "from Bach to Offenbach." I will not say that the Storioni viola sings between the lines of that poem ("Captain Craig").

II

In 1900 I saw Robinson frequently while he was living at Yonkers. In his poem "Old Trails" are the lines, put off on another:

> Three weeks he fattened: and five years he toiled
> In Yonkers—and then sauntered into fame.

Robinson was living on an ignominious little street, atilt like a house roof, all of cobbles, opposite a factory. It was about the meanest house in the mean street. There he sat forninst a stove—

> So Tiberius might have sat
> Had Tiberius been a cat,—

the table draped with a red-checked cloth, and linoleum on the floor, and a buxom landlady rattling and poking about, as little impressed with nascent genius as R. L. S.'s landlady was in Tusitala's case at Saranac.

His health was often precarious; he seemed given to colds, his reaction to a draught as sensitive as to a sundown over the Palisades. He and his views needed airing. So we walked, in all weathers, through the vicinage of Yonkers, and from Yonkers to Riverdale, three miles south, where I then was tutoring a hapless scion of an ancient family. Robinson liked my job better than I did. It had 250 acres of unbroken woodland about it and the only hoot-owl within the limits of greater New York City. The house itself was like the house in Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher."

Twice Robinson brought William Vaughan Moody and once Daniel Gregory Mason to the dismal manse in the midst of the woods. "Please don't bother me," said the poor muddled oaf with whose welfare I was charged, "when your literary friends come round. Have 'em to yourself, if you like; I never want to see 'em."

So I played to Moody and Robinson the same things I had played to Robinson alone. After the slow movement from the second suite of Bach Moody piped up: "Listen to the male acridity of that viola, Robinson!" After another slow movement from the fourth suite Moody said: "That has guts enough to stock a soap factory!" When he went back to rattle his chain in his University of Chicago kennel, Moody wrote me: "Your viola is a voice from beyond the back of the moon to me at present, in this cheap-and-hasty, department-store atmosphere of education." The reaction of the music for Daniel Gregory Mason was that he ran upstairs to my room, shut me out, and had a good time all by himself composing some more music.

Behind the stove in Yonkers, after Moody returned to Chicago, Robinson and I used to discuss him. He had not then made the big killing of "The Great Divide." Robinson, however, was apprehensive lest popular success should come to Moody too soon. I never met in any author a nobler independence of (not contempt for) public recognition than Robinson then showed and has always shown.

He was fearful lest Moody should be careless, and not take infinite pains with the molding of a line, the choice of a word. He was afraid of slothfulness—the slippered ease of poetry—for himself, and for any one who wrote. I brought him a poem of my own to criticise. It had in it the vile word "'neath." He went for that word at once; it worried him; it sat on his chest like a poultice, if not a heavier incubus. It did not seem to him to be a word at all. I think I am safe in offering a dollar to any one who finds it in his poems, as the Oxford Press is safe in offering a prize (I forget if it was ten guineas?) to any one who discovers a misprint in its Bibles. When I sent the poem away to a magazine (a good magazine) with the offending "'neath" still in it, he looked grieved, as though I had sinned against our friendship; and when the magazine printed it, "'neath" and all, he was the more perturbed—for then the wrong done to poesy became a patent, a public shame. I could not justify myself by the fact of publication. Publication was not the verdict of posterity, toward which Robinson himself imperturbably was toiling. I think the big surprise of Robinson's fifty years on earth has been that his contemporaries have discovered and even acclaimed him.

He asked me if I had read George Crabbe. I had not. I had read Robinson on Crabbe—

> But his hard human pulse is throbbing still—

and if the reader will read Crabbe he will know more of the mind and art of Robinson.

Two lines of his own are the summation of Robinson at that time in Yonkers, and they are just as true of him now as they were then:

> The shame I win for singing is all mine,
> The gold I miss for dreaming is all yours.

In our walks we frequently passed—and perhaps entered—East's book-store. In 1896 there was a poor lonely lad of eighteen living in Yonkers, John Masefield by name. He worked in a carpet factory. Every Friday he bought a book in East's book-store and read it over the week-end. One Friday he found Chaucer, and Chaucer found him. Keats, Shelley, Swinburne, and Rossetti followed in order, week by week. One cannot read that marvelous poem "Reynard the Fox" without feeling what Chaucer in Yonkers, in 1896, was to John Masefield.

I asked Robinson why he—Robinson—was living in Yonkers. He shot at me one of those quizzical glances. "It is something to have a friend within walking distance," he said quietly—and unanswerably.

I kept telling him that he ought to marry.

"I could preach to you all sorts of sermons about living alone," he said, with oracular solemnity.

I mentioned a charming literary lady of his acquaintance, who now has made a lustrous name for herself. "Why wouldn't she do?"

He sighed. "She is—an incomplete Juno," he answered, and then fell inscrutably silent.

Even then editors were asking him for poetry. "If I write a poem," he said, with the red spots coming in his cheeks, "I may feel fairly confident of being able to dispose of it."

He believed that there was a living to be made as a poet. "Clinton Scollard, I am told, earns $1,200 in a year." It took the pair of us to imagine it.

But what impressed me most of all was his unending effort to attain the "apple of gold in the picture of silver." He would have subscribed heartily to the ideal Dr. Eliot set forth when he conferred a degree on Saint-Gaudens as one who "does not count the mortal years it takes to mold memorial forms." In that shanty at Yonkers Robinson living, like Lincoln dead, belonged to the ages. He was serenely indifferent to "the almanac's spite." He was of the mind of Hokusai when he said, "If I live to be a hundred years old, perhaps, I shall be able to draw a line." He would have agreed with J. L. Garvin, who said to me, "He who is bitter is beaten." Envy of the success of others was as remote from Robinson's thought as any other ignobility. He was as innocent of conceit as Dr. Grenfell of the Labrador. Sometimes his poetry might sound intellectually gelid and brittle; his temperament was sincerely compounded of the warmest generosity and goodness. I cannot imagine his mind harboring a low, small thought. He would, in Coventry Patmore's phrase, prefer another's to his own success. Like the Thomas

(*Continued on page* 534)

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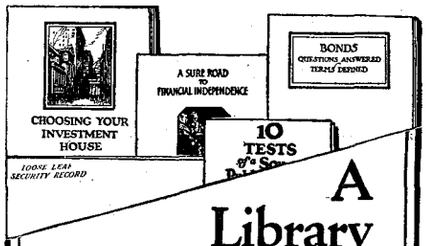
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(*Continued from page* 532)

Arnold of "Rugby Chapel," he wanted to carry others with him to any heights that he might scale. His art was "too great for haste, too high for rivalry."

III

Not long afterwards he was living in a particularly sordid stall on the fifth floor of a dreary house on West Twenty-third Street. I don't suppose Charles Lamb loved the tidal fullness of life along the Strand or O. Henry the uproar of the "Four Million" any better than Robinson loved the ferry-seeking traffic before his door or the clack and clangor of the elevated trestles, in whose shadow, round the corner, he ate his frugal meals.

In the crowd he found his freedom and his solitudes, and in the noise his silence.

But the first time I called on him in his dingy and depressing eyrie the room was blue with the smoke of five bohemians, sitting three on the edge of the bed, one on the only chair, and the other on the window-sill. They talked "wild and whirling words" about the manufacture of poetry, and Robinson, who knew more than all of them about it, only listened. Besides the over-populated bed and the attenuated and precarious chair the furniture was a bureau with no mirror and a wash-stand with a water-pitcher, cracked. I did not stay long. The room, awful as it was, was better than the company that had come to call, unasked, on Robinson.

About that time Robinson was checking off loads of stone as carts delivered them at one of the gaping craters of the new subway. Masefield, I presume, at that time was tending bar upon Sixth Avenue, not far away. Poetry from Yonkers was looking up distinctly. It had moved to the metropolis.

In 1905 I paid a visit to Richard Watson Gilder at Four Brooks Farm, Tyringham, and after he had inquired for "your friend with the fine eyes, Robert Haven Schauffler," and grumbled at Kipling for having the nerve to ask the "Century" $1,000 for a single story—which the "Century" refused to pay—the talk was pivoted on Robinson.

"I had lunch a while ago with Roosevelt at the White House," said Mr. Gilder. "Right in the middle of the meal Mr. Roosevelt pointed a minatory forefinger across the table and shot this at me: 'What shall we do with Robinson?' Of course I knew instantly which Robinson he meant. He had 'discovered' Robinson in that article for The Outlook written a little while before, which was the beginning of Robinson's larger public vogue.

"After lunch we got together and discussed the poet's fate. One possibility after another was put forward and rejected. Finally we decided on a consulship in Mexico as the very thing for him.

"But when the offer was made to him, do you suppose he accepted? Not much! He couldn't make up his mind to tear himself away from New York."

Not long after that a berth was found for him in the New York Custom House. The stipend, modest as it was, must have seemed a fortune to the poet. The days of the sharpest intensity of struggle were behind him. But it is not observable that comparative prosperity and success has swelled or turned a head that over the road dust and the din has always held commerce with the stars.

SMOKED OUT

BY O. E. MAXWELL

"I TELL you, the railways are robbers," were the words that greeted me as I entered the smoking compartment of a chair car while traveling on one of the small railways in Ohio.

The speaker continued his argument in a loud tone of voice, apparently addressing the man seated next to him, but in reality speaking for the benefit of all present, so that they would realize that here was one man who knew just what was going on and wasn't afraid to say so.

"Why, look here at this little jerkwater road we are riding on now; no service, no accommodations for the traveling public, yet look what they are getting away with. Raised the fare forty per cent not long ago, so that the common people can't afford to travel, and then they turn right round and cut the wages of their employees fifty per cent on top of that. Isn't that plain robbery—forty per cent increase in passenger rates and fifty per cent reduction in wages? That makes ninety per cent, the way I figure. It's a big graft, I tell you, and we as the public ought to see that something is done about it. I wouldn't kick so much on the raise in fare if they hadn't cut the wages. Why, some of the men don't make enough to live on since this last cut."

"That's right," "You've got the dope," "Bunch of grafters," came the various responses from over the car, showing conclusively the way sentiment stood in this car on the increase in passenger rates.

"I beg your pardon," a low voice interrupted the first speaker as he was about to pour out another tirade against the money-grabbing railways, "the increase in passenger rates was only 20 per cent."

I smiled to myself as this thrust went home, causing the face of the smoking-room orator to redden in embarrassment.

"I don't see how you figure. Why, I paid—" Again the flight was spoiled by the words:

"Figure it yourself. The rate was 3 cents per mile, and you now pay 3.6 cents for each mile traveled, plus 8 per cent war tax."

"Well, it's too high," Solomon said, sharply, emphasizing the point by pounding the arm of his chair. "It's so high the common workingman can't afford to ride in a train any more."

"Especially on chair cars," was the quiet response.

I smiled again, because I had noticed

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that the chair car on the train was crowded, while the coaches were not half filled. And this I knew was prevalent all over the country.

"Well, they had no business to cut wages in two, taking the bread—"

"The average increase of wages on railways since 1915 was 130 per cent, the reduction but 20 per cent."

This answer again checked Solomon's eloquence, causing him to rise from his chair and angrily address his opponent.

"You can't fool me with figures. Why, I tell you, the stockholders of this railway and all the others will be rolling in wealth if this keeps up for a year."

I saw the defender of the railways turn to his paper and slowly read: "Two hundred shares W. & L. E. Ry. common stock, sold yesterday at $8.75 a share.' Why not buy it and 'roll your own'?"

This reply brought a smile to all our faces, as the stock quoted was the same as the road we were riding on, and selling at 8 cents on the dollar.

"Well, anyway, the fare is too high, the highest in the world," continued the wrecker of railways, "and here they are cutting wages."

"Sorry to dispute your word," was the answer, "but passenger fares in the United States are the lowest in the world, accommodations to the traveling public are the best, and wages paid employees the highest."

"I say, that's going it too strong," came from another man; "that couldn't possibly be since this last increase."

"Get your pencils, and I'll give you some comparative figures on world travel before I get off at the next stop. This chair car if on a railway in Europe would be a luxury that only the rich could indulge in. The fares on European railways are paid by people whose daily incomes or wages do not average one-fourth of our incomes or wages." Here is the table he read us from his notebook:

From	To	Distance in Miles	Railway Fare First-Class	Sleeping Car	Total Railway and Sleeping Car Fares
Paris	Milan	522	$40.76	$18.95	$59.71
Chicago	Buffalo	525	18.81	5.63	24.44
London	Liverpool	193	11.79		
Boston	Albany	201	7.23	3.00	10.23
London	Paris	287	33.59		
Chicago	Cincinnati	285	10.26	3.75	14.01
Paris	Rome	891	53.50	21.13	74.63
Chicago	New York	908	32.67	9.00	41.67
Manchester	Glasgow	225	14.67		
Boston	New York	233	8.15	3.00	11.15
Paris	Geneva	375	21.99	12.52	34.51
Chicago	St. Paul	398	14.27	3.75	18.02
Paris	Nice	675	37.99	19.69	57.68
Chicago	Atlanta	733	26.72	8.25	34.97
Paris	Liège	228	12.43	6.46	18.88
New York	Washington	228	8.14	3.75	11.89
Paris	Vienna	872	81.40	23.29	104.69
Omaha	Birmingham	899	33.08	10.13	43.21
Paris	Warsaw	1,279	109.44	31.87	141.31
Detroit	Denver	1,296	47.08	14.63	61.71

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	Europe	U. S.
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Silence reigned while each man scanned the array of figures, for, with the exception of Solomon, every one had copied the figures as presented, and now a look of utter amazement settled on each countenance as all realized the truth.

Finally, from the corner of the car a dazed voice said: "Paris to Milan, 522 miles, $40.76; Chicago to Buffalo, 525 miles, $18.81. *Well, I'll be damned!*"

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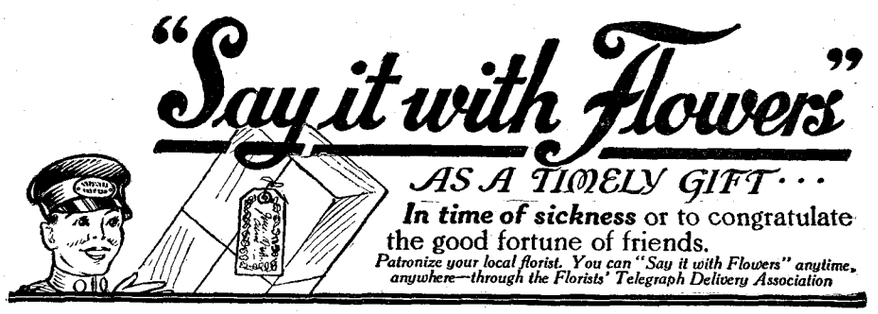

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SEND for our Christmas card assortment. The designs are unique and artistic, the greetings clever and appropriate. $1 assortment, 20 five cent cards, or 10 ten cent cards. H. F. Rowe, Oneonta, N. Y.

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RECENTLY graduated lawyer of exceptional education and ability is desired by substantial Washington law firm. State age and qualifications. 701, Outlook.

Business Situations

DISTRICT sales manager, under 40, for Eastern territory of important three-quarter century old financial corporation. Alert college graduate, with successful sales experience preferred. Address, with full business history, 680, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

RELIABLE woman to assist with care of year old child and do housework in apartment. Two adults. Washing sent out. Good home. Address Mrs. Frederick A. Muhlenberg, 605 North 5th St., Reading, Pa.

COMPANION—Vigorous, intelligent, cultured young woman who has had some experience in nursing. Requirements: Protestant, age not over 45, great adaptability, cheerfulness, reads aloud well, enjoys walking. 711, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

YOUNG nurse (Johns Hopkins) desires position as traveling companion. Interview if desired. Courtenay Powell, Montgomery Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Business Situations

AMERICAN woman of forty-seven, experienced, and with executive ability, desires superintendency of institution for adults, children, or boys only. 677, Outlook.

SECRETARY—Young woman, college graduate, desires position with responsibility and initiative. References. 693, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

TEACHER will chaperon child on or shortly after December 16 from New York to Detroit, Grand Rapids, or Chicago for expenses paid. 709, Outlook.

COMPANION elderly lady, managing housekeeper, responsibility motherless children. Good credentials. 715, Outlook.

TWO educated women take full charge refined home. Assist care children. References. 716, Outlook.

LADY of real refinement, graduate nurse, good traveler, without relatives, desires position where she may act as dutiful daughter with couple or gentleman. Unquestionable credentials. 653, Outlook.

FRENCH girl, college graduate—family abroad—wishes position tutor, companion, during Christmas vacation. New York City preferred. 706, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, Protestant, wishes position as companion to child or lady alone. Country preferred. 708, Outlook.

CHAUFFEUR, mechanic, speaking French and English, desires position. 12 years' experience. Extremely careful driver. Best reference. Locality no object. R. R., Box 75, Brookhaven, Long Island, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY will give half time as companion in exchange for home. 691, Outlook.

PROTESTANT American widow, educated and refined, desires position as managing housekeeper, companion to elderly people, chaperon club or college. Home, social, and business experience. References. 695, Outlook.

DOMESTIC helper and companion. Quiet country life preferred. 698, Outlook.

AMERICAN woman, of refinement and education, trained teacher, chaperon, and housekeeper, wishes position as companion, chaperon, or managing housekeeper, or the supervision of a motherless household. Highest references. Box 24, Auburndale, Mass.

Teachers and Governesses

EXPERIENCED governess, Canadian, capable entire charge, graduate New York Babies' Hospital, holds teacher's certificate, Would travel. 712, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

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MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Invalid, defective, or elderly people to board. W., Pawling, N. Y.

PIERCE ARROW LANDAULET—sixty horse power. $1,800. Telephone, Plaza 6398.

EDUCATED elderly lady, requiring nursing care, desires warm, sunny room with board. Private family or small sanitarium. New Rochelle or Mt. Vernon. Answer, stating particulars and terms. 703, Outlook.

EXTRA money easily made telling your friends of wonderful preparation. Write for particulars. 710, Outlook.

FOR adoption. Fair haired, blue eyed boy of nine years. Apply 610 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.

FOR adoption. Attractive, sturdy, fair haired, blue eyed little girl of ten years. Protestant. Apply 610 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.

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BY THE WAY

AMONG elderly men still active in pursuing their vocations, a subscriber places in the foremost rank Mr. Barr Spangler, of Marietta, Pennsylvania. Mr. Spangler, our correspondent says, will be one hundred years old on December 4, 1921. "He attends his store and business every day except Sunday, and on Sunday walks to church with an elastic step that some men of sixty cannot equal. His wife is still living, and they will celebrate their diamond wedding February 2, 1922, if both survive till then."

Another young-old man still active in his profession is, a reader informs us, the Rev. H. G. Hill, of Maxton, North Carolina. "He will be ninety years of age on November 27. He is now as active in the ministry as any pastor anywhere. He preaches two and sometimes three times every Sunday, and attends every meeting of the board of regents of an orphanage one hundred and fifty miles distant and also of the trustees of a theological seminary in Richmond, Virginia. His congregation gives him annually a purse of a dollar for each of his years, and this year he will doubtless receive ninety dollars in gold for his official birthday gift. He has been preaching about seventy years."

A test made recently in Paris indicates that modern violins are fully equal to those produced by the old masters of violin-making. Twelve violins, six old and six modern, were played in a darkened hall by a player who picked them out by lot and played the same tune on each. The audience, not knowing what particular violin was played, voted by number as to which instrument they preferred, for tone and general musical quality. The modern instruments easily won, a famous Stradivarius being third.

At Château Thierry the bridge over the Marne, where the American machine gunners held back the enemy, is being restored by Americans, and on Armistice Day a stone was set up near the bridge with the inscription: "Here the invader was driven back." It was the first of 240 similar stones to be set up along the whole line, from Switzerland to the sea. On the sides of the stone, a despatch says, are carved a gas mask and a wine flask. The significance of the latter symbol is not explained.

The following note in the "Rural New Yorker" may be worth saving till next season by fruit lovers: To protect cherry trees from marauding birds, take a piece of black rubber hose about three feet long. On one end of this fasten two shiny boot buttons. Then weave the hose among the branches with the button end out, and you have a respectable-looking snake, which will effectually keep the birds away. It is said also to be useful in protecting strawberry beds.

Foreign fruit is supposed by some Americans to have a finer flavor than the home-grown sort. The same sentiment seems to be held abroad as regards our apples, British connoisseurs preferring ours to their own. A daily paper says:

> Included in the cargo of the Royal Mail liner Oropesa, which sails for Southampton this week, are several barrels of choice Newtown pippins consigned to a well-known London dealer, who supplies fruit to some of the most distinguished families recorded in Burke's Peerage. This famous apple is said to be much in vogue among fashionable English folk, having for more than sixty years enjoyed the favor of royalty. The Newtown pippin received its formal introduction into high society in England in 1861, when Charles Francis Adams, then United States Minister at the Court of St. James's, presented to Queen Victoria a large barrel of the luscious fruit that had been grown in a Massachusetts orchard. Since that time a consignment has been forwarded every season to Windsor Castle.

Ordering a copy of Tennyson's poems, a customer wrote to a bookseller, as reported in the "Norwich Free Academy Journal," "Please do not send me one bound in calf, as I am a vegetarian."

A cotton-spinner, an English magazine says, after many fruitless attempts to get a manufacturer to settle his account, wrote him a letter couched in very strong terms. The pair met the following day, and the manufacturer protested against the language used in the note. "Every account I get," he explained, "is thrown into a basket, and once a month I dip my hand in and draw out four bills. Those four are paid. Now, if I get any more impudent letters from you, your bill won't even get into the basket!"

People who bemoan the fact that their motor car is not absolutely of the latest model may take comfort from the statement that in speed trials lately held in Denmark all records, it is reported, were broken by a car built in 1908. This was a Fiat racing car, "Mephistopheles," which was used to defeat a British challenger early in its history and has been in private service ever since. Its present owner bought it a few months ago, put it in good shape, and on the occasion referred to drove it himself at the rate of 106½ miles an hour in one event.

The picture of Theodore Roosevelt which appeared on the cover of The Outlook for October 19 was taken by Mr. T. W. Ingersoll, of Buffalo, Minnesota, in 1883, when Mr. Roosevelt was living in the "Bad Lands" of North Dakota, and was originally copyrighted by Mr. Ingersoll. Through an oversight, Mr. Ingersoll's name was omitted under the photograph as reproduced. We hasten to make this correction, and the more gladly because the picture is an excellent one. Photographers who secured good photographs of Mr. Roosevelt in his early life are to be regarded in the light of public benefactors, and their names should go down in history as such. Mr. Ingersoll's is one of these.

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